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OLD AND NEW.

BY C. R.

New Year met me somewhat sad,
Old year leaves me tired,
Stripped of favorite things I had,
Balked of much desired;
Yet further on my road to-day,
God willing, farther on my way.

New Year, coming on apace,
What have you to give me?
Bring you scathe or bring you grace,
Face me with an honest face,
You shall not deceive me;
Be it good or ill, be it what you will,
It needs shall help me on my road,
Thy rugged road to Heaven, please God.

IN SILKEN CHAINS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MADGE uttered a faint cry and shrank back from the window, but still kept her eyes, as if fascinated, upon the workman in the marble yard.

And as she stared at him she felt inclined to ask herself if she had suddenly lost her senses, or had fallen asleep and had a dream. For, to her eyes, the man was still like Lord Norman in face and form.

She tried to reason herself out of the emotion which shook her. She told herself that she had left Lord Norman at Chesney Chase, that it was utterly impossible that he could be there, beneath her eyes, clad in a linen blouse, and working at a lump of marble in a sculptor's yard. And yet the resemblance was so close, so remarkable, that it seemed impossible that the man could be any other than Lord Norman.

Mr. Gerard noticed that something was wrong, and paused in his work.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked in his deep voice. "You seem attracted by my strange workman," he added, with a grave smile.

Madge withdrew her eyes slowly from the white bloused figure, and with a long-drawn sigh seemed to wake from a dream.

"What was it you told me about him?" she said, as if she had forgotten.

Mr. Gerard pointed to a chair.

"Better sit down," he said, resuming his work, for he never forgot that his models were of flesh and blood, and capable of weariness. "I just mentioned that his was a strange case of complete loss of memory," he said. "That was all."

"Yes, I remember," she said. "And that you found him at the docks."

"You said that he was an aristocrat, did you not?"

"YES; I LOVE YOU, LORD NORMAN," SYBIL FALTERED.

"No, no; I did not make so positive an assertion. I said that I thought it very likely, judging by his face, and voice, and manner. The face is my guide, of course. However rugged the face of a well-bred man be, there are always certain lines that proclaim his gentle descent. We sculptors —and, I think, some painters—recognize them immediately. I believe some persons can detect these signs of good birth in the voice. It may be so, though I do not think it is so good a criterion. I have met sweet voices amongst the lowest of poor humanity. The face is the guide—for me."

Madge leant her head on her hand. She could not see the yard from where she sat, but in her mind's eye there still remained the man's form and face.

"And he can tell you nothing of his past?" she said dreamily.

"Nothing," said Mr. Gerard. "About the present he is as acute as the best of us —more acute than most of us, indeed. I am glad I have succeeded in interesting you and taking you 'out of yourself,' Miss Gordon. By the way, would you like to speak to him? I will call him up immediately I have finished this modelling."

Madge flushed, then went pale.

"Oh, no, no!" she said hurriedly.

She shrank from a closer inspection of this man, who so strangely resembled Lord Norman, almost as keenly as she would have shrunk from the supernatural.

Mr. Gerard smiled, his eyes bent on the silent model, who gave no sign of having heard a word, but sat absolutely motionless in the pose in which she had been placed.

"You spoke as if you were afraid of him," he said casually.

Madge tried to smile in response.

"I did not want to trouble him. Why should I?" she said.

"It will not trouble him. I have fifty excuses for calling him up."

He went to the window.

"Tut, tut! he has gone. It is breakfast-time, I suppose."

He went back to his work, modelled rapidly for a few minutes in silence, then, with a courteous "Thank you!" assisted the model with her cloak, delicately slipping a coin into her hand, and conducted her to the door with more of gentle courtesy than he would probably have bestowed on a duchess.

Madge approached the clay model, and tried to interest herself in it, and forget the strange workman.

"It is very beautiful," she said. "How pleased she must be with it!"

Mr. Gerard laughed.

"The model? Oh, I don't think so. Poor girl! You don't expect her to take much interest in art. It is the money, the all-important money, she thinks of. Miss Gordon"—he broke off, his keen eyes resting on her face—"do—do you really think your grandfather would permit me to take a model of your face? Will you? I shall be very grateful."

"Oh, yes!" she said with great prompti-

tude. "He—and I—will be very glad if it will be of any service to you," she added, frankly and modestly.

"It will be of great service to me," he said, gravely. "I have wanted to ask you ever since I saw you first. We sculptors and painters are always eager to claim a beau—an interesting, carvable and paintable face," he corrected himself.

But he need not have changed the purport of his sentence, for Madge was scarcely listening to him.

"Did you tell me the name of that workman?" she asked, as they moved towards the door.

"I don't think I did," he said. "It is Harry Richmond."

"Harry Richmond?" she repeated softly. "But that is not his real name, I suppose? He has forgotten that?"

"Yes, I think he has," he said with a smile. "But he has a knife on which the name is scratched, and so he calls himself by it—though, as he says, it is quite possible the knife may not belong to him."

"It is very singular," she said abstractedly.

"Is it not? And now, do you feel a little less sad and low-spirited, Miss Gordon?"

"Yes, oh yes, thanks to you!" she responded gratefully.

"Very well," he said, "then I shall have less scruple in preferring my request to Mr. Gordon. It will amuse and interest him to watch the progress of the work, and you must bring him with you sometimes."

They left the studio and walked round to Harding-street, and the sculptor's face grew absent and preoccupied, and as if he only fully lived in the studio and while at his work.

At the corner of Hart street Madge started suddenly, and almost clutched at her companion's arm, for she caught sight of Harry Richmond walking across the road at a little distance.

He was striding along with that gait which all very strong men possess—his head high, his hands well carried. He had removed his blouse, and his figure, graceful and well knit, contrasted remarkedly with the other passers by.

"There he is!" she could not refrain murmuring.

Her friend woke up and looked round.

"Oh, Richmond? Yes; there he is. He usually takes a turn round the square before breakfast. I have met him several times. A splendid fellow, isn't he?" he added admiringly. "He always walks like that. I can imagine that the Romans when they were really the masters of the world had that stride and swing. He looks like the hero of a lady's novel, doesn't he?' and he smiled. "Well, here we are. Good morning, Miss Gordon."

Madge went to her room, and taking off her hat and jacket dropped on to the side of the bed.

She felt confused, bewildered, by the extraordinary resemblance, and amidst her bewilderment was a peculiar feeling that the workman was more like what she would have imagined the young Norman—her boy lover—would have grown into, than was Lord Norman himself.

She roused herself at last with a start and a little quavering laugh, went to the window, and looked down upon the marble yard. Harry Richmond was not there, and if he had been she could not have seen him, for the block of marble on which he was working was concealed from her by an angle of one of the houses.

All that day the memory of the man haunted her; and once, when in her own room, she caught herself standing still listening to the musical chirp of the unseen chisel and mallet. Mr. Gordon went to the Museum reading room as usual, but he sat and dreamed in the capacious chair instead of reading—dreamed of the book that was to bring him fame and money.

Mr. Silas Fletcher did not turn up that or the next evening, and by the third day the old man grew sullen and even impatient in a feeble way; and when Mr. Silas arrived about his usual time greeted him with an anxious warmth.

"All right, Mr. Gordon," said Silas, pressing the trembling hand. "I've made a start with the great book. I've sent it to a friend of mine, a publisher, and we shall hear from him shortly. We mustn't be in a hurry, you know; a work of that kind requires a little consideration, doesn't it?"

"Yes, yes!" assented Mr. Gordon. "No, there's no hurry—none at all;" but the expression of his face belied the words.

"And now," said Silas cheerfully, "as it's a fine night what do you say to a walk? The park wouldn't be bad, for there's a moon which, strange to say, you can actually see."

They went to the park, and Mr. Silas insisted upon taking the old man's arm within his, and addressed nearly all his conversation to him, leaving Madge to walk by their side and dream. A name, however, awakened her suddenly. It was Lord Norman's.

"I had a latter from my guv'nor yesterday," Silas was saying to Mr. Gordon. "He is not a voluminous correspondent by any means, but he mentions that Lord Norman is going it pretty freely."

"Aye, aye!" said Mr. Gordon absently.

Madge listened intently.

"Yes, the stables are being rebuilt, and some fresh horses are already at the Chase. Lord Norman has been giving some parties—shooting and dinner—and is making himself very popular."

"Then the earl is better?" said Madge.

"Yes; but he keeps to his own apartments, and only sees Lord Norman and my father. He can't speak, of course, but my father thinks that he understands—or partly understands—what is going on around him, and when he is spoken to."

"Poor man!" Madge murmured, and no more was said.

The days slipped by; two or three times a week Mr. Silas dropped in at Harding-street, and he had always a few cheering and hopeful words respecting this book. It was going on all right; there would be some delay, of course, but there could be no doubt that it would be sold and published. He offered no more presents to Madge, but now and again brought flowers for Mr. Gordon, and paid a great deal more attention to the old man than he did to Madge.

One evening, when he and Madge were alone, he remarked, "I don't think Mr. Gordon is looking quite the thing this morning."

Madge looked up from her work with a start of deep apprehension.

"Not—not looking well?" she repeated. "I—I have not noticed——"

"That's just it; you see you see him every day, and wouldn't notice any change so quickly as I should do. He is much thinner and worn looking. I'm afraid he's worrying about the book. Don't you think it would be a good thing to take him for a change somewhere? You look at him when he comes in," he added, as the old man's slow and dragging step was heard outside.

Madge glanced at the beloved face covertly, and a sharp pain ran through her heart—a pang of alarm and self-reproach. Silas Fletcher had noticed what she had failed to remark! She got up and put a cushion at the back of the chair, and pressed his silvery head to her bosom.

"Do you feel ill, grandfather?" she asked, in a voice of tender solicitude.

"Ill? No—no, Madge," he replied, "only tired. I get tired so soon now. I could scarcely walk from the reading-room to-day, and was obliged to rest against the railings of one of the houses."

"You must see a doctor, dear," she said with forced cheerfulness.

He smiled wearily and shook his head.

"Not much use, Madge, unless you can find one who can prescribe the exact formula of the elixir of youth."

"Oh, you are a young man yet, Mr. Gordon," said Silas. When he rose to go he signed to Madge to follow him.

"I was right, you see," he said, as they stood in the hall. "He isn't at all the thing, is he?"

Madge's eyes dilated with sharp fear. "What shall I do?" she murmured more to herself than to him.

"Take him away for a change," he said promptly. "Get him down on the South Coast. Hastings is the place. You think it over by to-morrow. I'll arrange everything, and—and perhaps I could manage to run down for a day or two. I fancy he rather likes me, don't you know; at any rate I'm some sort of company. Good-night, Miss Madge!" And he pressed her small hand as warmly as he dared.

Madge went upstairs with an aching heart.

"Grandfather," she said, bending over him, "don't you think you would like a change?"

He half opened his eyes.

"A change? Where—why, Madge? Don't you feel well? I've fancied that you were looking rather pale these last few days. It's the London air, or want of air. Yes, we'll go away. But it will cost a good deal of money, will it not?"

"But we have plenty, haven't we, dear?" she asked.

He looked at her absently.

"I—I don't quite know," he said. "What there is, is locked up in a specimen-box in the left-hand drawer of my room. Go and see, Madge."

"Presently, dear," she said.

She waited until he had gone to bed and was asleep; then she got the tin box and returned with it to the sitting-room.

When she opened it she found it difficult to suppress a cry of consternation and dismay. There was a five-pound note, six sovereigns, and some silver. The box very nearly fell from her hands.

Not twelve pounds between them and—and starvation! She sank into a chair and covered her eyes with her hands.

It was all her fault! She ought to have known how much they possessed, and not have left so serious a matter to her grandfather, who, she knew, was as ignorant of money as a child.

Not twelve pounds!

She lay awake that night asking herself that question, which absorbs humanity from the first hour it is capable of thought to that in which thought closes. "What shall I do?"

Her anxiety was increased when on going to her grandfather's room, she found him too unwell to get up. He said there was nothing the matter; he felt tired, that was all. But Madge ran over to the doctor opposite and brought him back with her.

He sat and chatted with the old man

pleasantly, as if he had called to pay a social visit rather than a medical one; and he managed to keep a smile on his face when alone with Madge in the sitting-room.

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Gordon," he said, in response to the anguished inquiry in her beautiful eyes. "There is nothing serious the matter—at present. Mr. Gordon is not a young man, and the sudden change from your country life has not been beneficial."

"I will take him away!" said, Madge, forgetting in her wild anxiety the question of money.

"Well—not just yet, perhaps," said the doctor. "I think he had better rest for awhile. He has run down a great deal, and we must get his strength up." He began to write a prescription, but tore up the paper. "I'll send some medicine; and I think we'll give him some port and calfs' foot jelly, and things of that sort."

"Yes, yes!" said Madge eagerly. "I will get them at once."

She got out one of the few sovereigns as she spoke, and turning, placed it back into her hand.

"Never mind that for the present, Miss Gordon," he said in so kindly and gentle a voice that the tears sprang to Madge's eyes. "Very few of my patients give me physician's fees. I'll send my bill in when Mr. Gordon is better."

As she sat beside her grandfather through the long dragging day, that same question, "What shall I do?" continually resolved in her mind. She must earn money somehow. Could she get any by copying flowers? It was work she had done for her grandfather; why should she not do it for others?

She was still pondering over it when Silas Fletcher arrived. She went down to him, and his sharp eyes noticed the pallor and the terrible anxiety in her face.

"Mr. Gordon's worse?" he asked.

"Yes," she sighed, not noticing that he still held her hand. "Yes; you were right. Oh, how blind I have been! He is too weak to be moved, but—but it is not serious. The doctor says that—that I may take him away presently when he is stronger; but——" Her lips quivered.

Silas watched her, and knew what the unfinished sentence meant.

"Look here, Miss Madge," he said, with an affection of blunt good nature, "don't you worry yourself about anything—anything. I know what you mean, and—well, I guessed there might be a difficulty. Well, that's all right. I've thought of that. If it's money you want you needn't trouble about it any longer."

He took a ten-pound note from his pocket, and laid it on the table.

Madge drew her hand away, and, white to the lips, shrank back.

"Mr. Fletcher!"

He reddened as he had done when she refused the brooch.

"What's the matter?" he said; "Oh, I see. You think I'm offering you money. That's where you make a mistake. It's not mine, it's yours."

"Mine?"

"Yes. The publisher I sent the book to has advanced ten pounds on it. See?"

Madge took up the note and looked at it without seeing it; then, under the impulse of the reaction—for we are always kindly disposed to those whom we think we have suspected wrongly—she held out her hand.

"How can I thank you!" she said in a faltering voice. "How can I thank you! Mr. Silas, you are very, very good to us!"

He took the hand, and Mr. Silas himself only knows what it cost him to refrain from snatching her into his long arms. But he did manage to control himself, and merely pressed her hand as he said, with profound respect, "You've nothing to thank me for, Miss Madge. I've done very little, not half what I'd do if—if you'd let me. And don't you be anxious about the money; there's plenty more where this comes from."

Madge turned her face away to hide the tears that coursed down her cheek—for there are tears of relief and joy as well as of sorrow; then she dried her eyes quickly, and forced a smile.

"If you knew how anxious and troubled I have been all day," she said. "But you can easily imagine it when I tell you that until you so thoughtfully brought this money we had only twelve pounds—or not twelve, ten—in the world!"

"Ah!" he said sympathetically. "You ought to have taken that hundred pounds, Madge."

She did not notice the absence of the "Miss," but turned her head away.

"No, no," she said. "We could not have have taken them!"

"Just so," he assented; "and now I think I'll go up and have a chat with him. He'll be glad to hear that the book has already begun to pay."

"Yes," she murmured. "Tell him—tell him that he must try and thank you, for I cannot, Mr. Fletcher."

"'Mr. Fletcher,'" he muttered as he ascended the stairs to Mr. Gordon's room. "It shall be 'Silas, dear Silas' before long, my proud beauty?"

CHAPTER XXIV.

THERE could be no doubt as to Lord Norman's popularity. It is very easy to become popular and generally welcome if you happen to be young, handsome, and possessed of a large income. And in addition to these qualifications Lord Norman was the heir to an ancient and historical title, which might become his at any moment.

To use a phrase which became a catch-word in the neighborhood, Lord Norman "woke up the county."

The Chase was transformed from a quiet, not to say gloomy, mansion, whose threshold visitors rarely crossed, into a bright and pleasant house filled with guests.

Many of the rooms had been refurnished under Lord Norman's directions, the staff of servants had been increased; modern luxuries, of which the earl knew nothing, and of which if he had known of them he would have been indifferent, were introduced. One of the old state-rooms had been transformed, as if by magic, into a superb billard and smoking room. The stables, as has been said, were rebuilding, men working by night and day; and every available place was crammed with horses—hunters, hacks, and carriage horses. The game was now closely and rigidly preserved, and Lord Norman announced to his present party that if they would repeat their visit next year he would have really something for them to shoot.

The dinner parties were so frequent that even the famous chef, whom Lord Norman had engaged at a princely salary, expressed himself satisfied. The village folk gathered round the great gates of a morning to stare at the shooting and riding parties as they emerged laughing and talking gaily; and if one or two of the staider members of the local aristocracy—people like the Sandow's and Ferndale's—ventured to remark that surely gaiety was rather discordant in a house of which the master lay stricken, as was the earl, such comment was drowned in the blaze of popular approval.

For Lord Norman was voted by the men "a deuced good fellow," and by the ladies "a most delightful man."

As to the people on the estate, they were one and all enthusiastic in his praise, as is their habit towards a man who flings his money about with an open and indiscriminate hand.

Meanwhile the earl kept to his own apartments, and whatever may have been passing through his mind he was powerless to express it. Sometimes, when a burst of laughter, or the strains of a song penetrated to his seclusion, his distorted face would become more knitted, his half-blinded eyes would flash, and he would mutter hoarsely; but not a word was intelligible, and no one could tell whether he was pleased or indignant.

And yet, though he had filled the house with company it could not be said that Lord Norman was undutiful or neglectful of his uncle. Every morning after breakfast he never failed to pay the stricken man a visit, shook him by the hand, and spoke a few kind words to him, and sometimes sat beside him for nearly a quarter of an hour. During this daily visit the earl would sit forward clutching the arms of his chair with quivering hands, and with his gleaming eyes fixed on the young man's face; but he never attempted to speak while Lord Norman was present, though the moment Lord Norman had left the room he would fall back and croak out the harsh, meaningless sounds which had now taken the place of language with him.

Very often Fletcher would spend hours in the quiet, half-darkened room, and the two old men, master and servant, would sit silent and motionless. Then Fletcher would rise, sigh, and go out, and the earl would watch him with twitching lips and eyes, in which gleamed a tender wistfulness, like that in the eyes of a dying hound.

Notwithstanding his popularity, it was generally conceded that Lord Norman had his peculiarities. There were times when, quite suddenly, and without apparent cause, the handsome face would grow dark and moody—times when the servants were not at all anxious to approach him.

They called these strange and apparently causeless moods his "black fits," and they all knew when they were coming on; for at their approach Lord Norman was in the habit of retiring to the private den he had made of the room behind the library. No one ever entered that room, excepting a servant for the purpose of cleaning it, and Lord Norman kept the keys of the costly and elaboaate locks in his own pocket. In this room he kept his guns and his private account books, a cellarette—always well supplied with wines and spirits and cigars—and a small iron safe by one of the best makers, which contained, strange to say, nothing more valuable than a small leather-bound volume, labelled "Diary," a thin flat packet, and a girl's pocket-handkerchief; treasures of apparently no great worth, but evidently considered of great value by their owner, who every night opened the safe and examined them.

But the "black fits" did not last long, and did not detract from his popularity, and the local gentry declared that Lord Norman had rendered one of the gloomy months, when it is spent in the country, into one of the most enjoyable.

There was always something going on at the Chase. It was either a shooting party, which the ladies were asked to join at lunch time, or a hunt breakfast, or a large dinner, and of all these functions the young

[CONTINUED ON SIXTH PAGE.]

UNDER HER WINDOW.

BY F. T. S.

Good night! Good night, beloved!
I come to watch o'er thee!
To be near thee—to be near thee!
Alone is peace for me.

Thine eyes are stars of morning,
Thy lips are crimson flowers;
Good night! Good night. Beloved,
While I count the weary hours.

Mildred's Resolve.

BY V. W.

"DO not speak to me again of marriage, Charles. You know the only conditions upon which I could ever become your wife, and yet you refuse to comply with them. My friends, as you are aware, are my advisers; and I know too well what misery I might entail upon myself, were I to disregard their counsels."

A pause ensued, in which the young man relaxed his clasp on the hand he had been caressing, and moving further and yet further from the drooping figure, his eyes sought the downcast face. Mildred Ashton looked up; Charles Hales was subdued by that timid expression, and he replied in a voice, whose every tone was that of devotion. "Ah, Mildred, you little know what an influence you might exert over me as my wife. I already love you, but a more intimate companionship will, if possible, increase the affection I now entertain, and add to the power you already possess. Will not even that admission make you yield to my most ardent wishes?"

She did not reply; her fingers were playing nervously with her embroidered handkerchief, and the tears were settling in her eyes.

"Why do you hesitate, Mildred?" he continued, grasping her hand. "Answer me, Mildred, and let this burden of disquiet be removed. Tell me your final resolve. Let me know whether we shall thus walk, year after year, united in heart, and yet divided in life's dearest interests. Shall a fear induce you to destroy my happiness, when love and hope both prompt you to establish it? Answer me quickly, Mildred, for I am eager to hear the injustice for which your countenance bids me prepare."

"You have, indeed, anticipated my reply," said Mildred, with provoking coolness, "if you think me 'unjust' for maintaining a belief which I know to be correct, and for firmly standing my own ground when it would be wrong to yield. It is strange," she continued, earnestly, "that now, during our engagement, I am destitute of that power with which I should be invested after marriage. So, you see, Charles, that your opinion is incorrect. Now is the time! I shall not wait until I am your bride to accomplish the reformation which, as your betrothed, I have vainly undertaken."

There was a dignity and emphasis in her language which precluded all necessity for further pleading, and Charles saw it.

"You do not love me, Mildred!" he exclaimed with ill-suppressed anger; "you have never love I me, or you could not resign me so easily. You have no charity for my faults, and exercise no forbearance towards the weakness which I cannot conquer. No, you do not love me," he added, in a plaintive voice.

"Calm yourself, Charles, and let me tell you in what you are wrong," said Mildred. "You say that you do not believe I love you; and yet, should any other than yourself accuse me of infidelity, how quickly would you resent the accusation! Never did a young girl yield her heart to the keeping of another more willingly, more entirely, than did I mine to you. I know the difference between your social position and mine; I know that you are endowed with the rarest gifts both of Nature and Fortune, and that I am only a governess in the house of your sister; I know all that intervenes between us in a worldly point of view, and, at one time, it seemed strange that you could condescend to select one so lowly as myself for the object of your love. That love has been reciprocated, and yet you accuse me of falsehood! Charles," she added, her speech gaining earnestness with every word, "if I do not love you, why should I wish to become your wife? That I may enjoy the wealth of which I know you to be possessed? That I may occupy the exalted station which, as your wife, I should be expected to fill? To no other facts than these can your insinuations allude. I either do love you devotedly, or else my object in entering into this engagement was merely mercenary. If you think the former, recall the words which you have uttered in a moment of passion; if the latter, spurn me without hesitation."

Charles observed Mildred's extreme agitation, and rising, he walked several times across the room.

"Mildred!" he exclaimed, "Mildred! Heaven forbid that you should shed a tear for me! I know and acknowledge my own unworthiness, and yet I cannot give you up. I have never broken my word; have never made a vow which has not been fulfilled; but this—oh! Mildred, I am so weak! My heart is strong to undertake anything to which you may point, but can I succeed? I dare not give my pledge, but I will struggle to do as you wish. If I am capable, I will claim you; if not, I will resign you."

The faltering voice, the quivering lip, and the moistened eyes, were however strangely at variance with the firm determination expressed in his words.

"Then, Charles, I know that I shall at some time be your wife," she murmured, in a low, sweet voice, that clearly evinced the fidelity of the heart from which it emanated, and Charles pressed his lips to her brow.

Her hand now nestled confidingly in his. They no longer talked, but thoughts unspeakable swept through their minds, and it would have seemed a bitter mockery to mar the hallowed silence. But, during that silence, a change passed slowly over Charles' countenance. A firm resolve was traced upon the brow, the black eyes grew more intensely dark, and the lips assumed a firmness never before observed. But oh! the tones that issued from them were gentle and assuring, as he drew nearer to the young girl.

"Mildred," said he, "if I should not visit you for a month, would you miss me?"

"Miss you!" was Love's involuntary exclamation: "can you doubt it?"

"I do not doubt it, Mildred," he replied, "but I shall test your truth. I am about to impose upon myself the severest penalty that could be inflicted. As I have told you, I intend trying to abstain from any intoxicating beverages; and for one month will place myself in a position to be assailed by every temptation. I shall mix with a class of society from which I have always kept aloof; and the consequences shall be truthfully revealed to you. If I resist, I shall make you the pledge for which you have asked, and shall demand, in return, a speedy marriage. If I fall, we shall have one last interview, and I will resign you for ever."

* * * * * * *

Night after night found Charles Hales wandering restlessly from one scene of revelry to another, but like a marble statue in a company of grim and horrible skeletons, his soul remained pure and unsullied by the associations by which he was surrounded. Thoughts clothed in language which had never before fallen upon his ears, uttered as if in ignorance of the Recording Angel, were breathed in his presence, and caused him to shrink back in horror from the debasing influences he was struggling to renounce. Time passed, and the period of his probation had almost expired. He had been tempted, but he had resisted the enticements of the tempter, and looked proudly back upon the strength which had rendered him triumphant.

It was the night before that upon which, Charles was to have an interview with Mildred. He would give the required pledge, and she, in return, would render his happiness complete. He had scarcely a thought independent of the woman he loved.

And Mildred? There was an indefinable something which hung like a mist over her heart, and rendered her almost sad. Mrs. Wayland observed her dejection, and proposed that they should attend a masked ball to be given at the house of a friend. It was the last evening of Charles' probation, and she accepted the offer upon condition that they should remain entirely unknown.

They did not go until late, and the company being assembled in the drawing-room, the upper rooms were deserted. They had just reached the ladies' apartment, when a gentleman emerged from an opposite room, left the door ajar, and descended the stairs. A voice fell upon her ears—a voice welcome as the first carol of the spring bird, and she knew that Charles was not far instant. Other tones, too, were heard, such as the following: "Come, Hales, let's have a glass before we go down."

How will he reply? Her heart almost ceased to beat, she was so fearful he would fall.

"No, no," he replied. "Do not ask me. I am trying to abstain altogether."

"Under a pledge to some lady, I warrant?" returned his companion.

"I am under no pledge," replied Charles, "but my reason for refusing you is sufficient. Hereafter the man who asks me is not my friend."

"Are you in earnest, Hales?" demanded the young man. "I thought you were jesting, perhaps."

"I was never more serious," was the calm reply. "If a kingdom were offered me if I would indulge in one glass only, I would refuse it."

They passed out of hearing, and Mildred turned to where Mrs. Wayland was standing before the mirror. She had not heard the conversation, nor could Mildred repeat it. Who can tell the emotions of her heart? Mildred's happiness was supreme! She had known Charles to be tempted, and she had known him to resist. Was she suprised? No, for her own heart had prophesied that he would overcome the temptation.

A few moment later they descended; the rooms were crowded, and presented a splendid appearance. Charles, with several other gentlemen and ladies, was unmasked, and one of the number, a young girl, attracted Mildred's attention. She was very lovely, and Charles too seemed

to appreciate her loveliness; for already he appeared unconscious of the presence of any other than herself. Mildred's confidence was too implicit to permit a jealous thought, but she did not like to acknowledge the influence the stranger seemed to exert. The crowd, however, moved towards the room in which the refreshments were served, and for a few moments she lost sight of the couple in which she felt so much interest.

"Wine, if you please."

Mildred turned, and recognized in the speaker the lady who had so irresistibly attracted her notice.

Charles Hales approached with a glass, and presented it with a smiling bow. She received it gracefully, but exclaimed in astonishment: "Am I to drink this alone?"

"I cannot indulge," was the low reply.

"Cannot indulge!" she echoed. "You are not loyal, I am afraid, No gentleman can refuse a lady. Another glass, if you please."

"I cannot comply; you must excuse me," replied Charles, firmly.

"But I will not excuse you," said the lady. She approached one of the side tables, lifted a decanter, and poured out a delicious draught. Then, returning, she said, "Come, the wine will lose its brilliancy and I my patience, if you keep me waiting. This is to the health and happiness of Mr. Hales."

Their glasses touched, and Charles' was emptied at a draught.

* * * * * *

"Mildred, I have come to resign you!" said Charles.

The young girl raised her eyes, and looked, not said, "You have failed, then?"

"Yes, failed—utterly, entirely," he replied, interpreting the mute expression; "at a time, too, when I thought myself most secure. Until last night, I resisted every kind of temptation; and then, exulting in the very strength which had sustained me, I became hopelessly weak, and fell."

Mildred did not speak. Words were useless now. She had striven and pleaded, and where was her reward? There was not a ray of light in the present, not one beam to dispel the darkness of the future.

In the intensity of his anguish, Charles suddenly grew calm; he talked earnestly of his failure, and eloquently of his affection. He could not, would not give Mildred up! He would make one more trial, and then, if he fell or succeeded, he would abide by the consequences. And the young girl listened, eagerly accepting his terms. She could not live without him; she would trust him again, and a thousand times, if necessary. Woman, loving and confiding! in thy breast the divine injunction finds its echo: "Yet not seven times, but seventy times seven shalt thou forgive."

Mildred did not tell Charles that she had witnessed his humiliation; she had not the fortitude for that. He had failed signally, and had reported the truth to her. She would try him again.

* * * * * *

The period of Charles' second probation was fast drawing to its close. Only one evening remained, and immediately after tea Mildred retired to her chamber, saddened by the remembrance of their former trial, and yet, oh so hopeful for the one now impending! She could scarcely read, her excitement was so intense.

About ten o'clock she walked to the window, threw aside the heavy curtains, and gazed out upon the night. The streets were almost deserted; now and then a lonely pedestrian moved hastily along, his heart growing lighter with each step that brought him nearer home and a quiet fireside, for the weather was intensely cold. In the midst of her reflections she was startled by the sound of approaching wheels, and a moment later a carriage drew up to the door, and halted. A gentleman and two ladies alighted, and, running up the steps, rang the bell. She heard them speaking in merry tones to Mrs. Wayland, who presently entered her room.

"You are wanted, Mildred," was her exclamation.

"Wanted? and for what?" said Mildred.

"Don't be frightened," returned Mrs. Wayland, with a smile. "Emily and Grace Martin are come for you to go home with them. You know they give a party to-night. Emily wants you to take part in a duet with her; her friend whom she was expecting is necessarily absent."

"But I am not prepared," said Mildred.

"Oh, fie!" exclaimed Mrs. Wayland, "when were you prepared for music? Come, hasten; I will tell them that you will go."

It required but a few moments for Mildred to make her toilet; a simple white dress and no ornaments, and yet how radiantly beautiful she was!

"Ready so soon!" was the remark which greeted her as she entered the drawing-room, and Mrs. Mayland stepped back in surprise at her extreme loveliness. She had but seldom seen her attired for a party, for Mildred rarely ever went into company, knowing that, although she was invited, it was solely on account of Mrs. Wayland.

It required but a few moments for them to reach the place of destination, and Mildred was ushered into the parlor. The whole company had adjourned to the supper-room, and thither they soon followed them. The apartment being crowded, they were obliged to stand near the door, behind which a lady and gentleman were stationed, evidently in an earnest conversation. Mildred attempted to move away, but Charlie's voice, low but excited, riveted her attention.

"You need not ask me," he said; "I cannot, will not indulge."

"I remember," said the same sweet voice, which once before had caused him to waver, "what a task I had on a former occasion. The remembrance of my success then gives me hope for the present."

"Did you see the lady standing near the door as we came out?" said Charles, after he and his fair companion were seated in the drawing-room. "There she is now," he added, casting his eyes towards Mildred, who was then entering.

"Which?" said his companion. "The one with such a lovely complexion, blue eyes, and brown hair?"

"Yes," he replied; "though I rarely ever think of her external appearance, her mind and heart so completely enslave me. Miss Hayes, she is my betrothed, and you may imagine how dear she is to me. She is poor—a governess in my sister's family—and yet, she refuses to become my wife until I have conquered my desire for intoxicating drinks. I had determined to test my strength before giving my pledge to that effect, and for this purpose have resisted every kind of temptation. In one effort I failed; in this, with God's help, I have been successful."

"And I was the cause of your former failure!" she exclaimed, her dark eyes filling with tears. "The lady despises me—doesn't she? and you, too?"

"She knows nothing of it," was the reply; "and, as for myself, I can scarcely regret it. It has but proved that, while she is just, she is truly generous; and that where I have deserved scorn and contempt, I have received only love and forgiveness. Let me make you acquainted with her, for I am sure that you will love her."

Affection is oftentimes a false prophet, but Charles spoke the words of truth when he said that Miss Hayes would love his affianced bride, for the admiration she first experienced soon deepened into the truest, most lasting friendship

Two months later a brilliant party were assembled to witness the marriage of Charles Hales with Mildred Ashton. Had the wishes of either been regarded, it would have been one of privacy; but Mrs. Wayland could not forbear publicly receiving her brother's wife into her family.

Bric-a-Brac.

FROST BELLS.—Frost bells are tolled in some districts of France when frost is threatened. Immediately the inhabitants place quantities of tar between the rows of vines. The tar is lighted, and volumes of dense smoke arise, thus protecting the vines.

GRANITE.—Granite is the lowest rock in the earth's crust; it is the bed-rock of the world. It shows no evidence of animal or vegetable life. It is from two to ten times as thick as the united thickness of all other rocks. It is the parent rock from which all the other rocks have been directly or indirectly derived.

THE RAREST BOOK IN EXISTENCE.—In 1457 a Psalter, or Psalm-book, was printed, by Fust and Schoeffer, at Mainz, for the use of the Benedictine monastery there. It was the first book ever issued with a date, and the third book printed. Therefore it is not only a very rare, but a very remarkable work. But what makes it extremely scarce is the fact that only twelve copies of it were printed. Hence a perfect copy of this "Mainz Psalter," as they call it, is valued at $12,000.

WHAT IS A GAMP?—Among the characters in Dickens' novel of "Martin Chuzzlewit" there is a nurse named Sairey (Sarah) Gamp, who almost always carries about her a large roomy umbrella, that bulges a great deal around the middle. This kind of "family" umbrella has ever since been popularly known as a "gamp." It is said that in France an umbrella of this sort is called "a Robinson," after the umbrella of the famous mariner of York, Robinson Crusoe.

A PATIENT PEOPLE.—There are several peoples whose patience under misrule, suffering, starvation and other woes has been and is remarkable, but in its way the patience of the Eskimo is singular. Knowing nothing of the high pressure under which English-speaking folk live nowadays, there is, of course, no reason why they should not take things most easily, and this they seem to do very well. It is related of a number of them that they were sent one summer evening to cut the grass of a meadow at some distance from their homes. They were gone a long time, but when they came back they explained they had had to pitch their tents and wait until the grass was long enough to mow.

BEATING THE BOUNDS.—In several places in England—at Oxford and some of the London parishes, for instance—a singular procession may be seen every Ascension Day. A number of men and boys carrying white willow wands walk round the boundaries of the parish and afterwards dine together. This custom is called "beating the bounds," and arose in olden times, when parish or village boundaries were not so accurately marked out as they are nowadays. It was once a great ceremony in country districts. The choir sang hymns, the parson read the Gospel for the day under a tree—hence styled the Gospel Tree—and occasionally boys were whipped, or thrown into a river, or bumped against trees at certain spots, the better to impress upon their memories the exact position of a boundary. This was all done in good part, for the lads were rewarded, and during the procession money and other gifts were distributed amongst the poor.

So many applications have been made for the chair in which sat the witnesses before the Lexow Committee, the two Bibles which they kissed and the gavel with which Senator Lexow preserved order, that Clerk Boese, of the Superior Court, has been compelled to put them under lock and key.

IN SILKEN CHAINS.

[CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.]

viscount was the acknowle ged leader. He rode straight and shot well—indeed, there was no man in the county who could sit a horse or bring down a snipe with greater skill. He had charming manners, a voice which the ladies declared to be "quite professional," and he danced to perfection. No wonder that the women eyed him wistfully, this handsome, popular young man, heir to a peerage, vast lands, and untold wealth; and less wonder that they regarded Lady Sybil Delamoor with envious glances; for it was soon made plain whither Lord Norman's heart had fled.

Lady Delamoor and the fair Sybil were frequent visitors at the Chase, and Lord Norman was almost as frequently at Delamoor Grange; and though he had as yet made no formal proposal for Sybil's hand, it was apparent to all that he was only biding his time.

His dark eyes would rest upon the "fair wonder of her face" with burning admiration, and that look which is so eloquent of the heart's hunger; but sometimes, even as he gazed, a strange change would come to his expression—a sudden gloom and doubt—and he would turn his eyes away slowly, reluctantly.

Lady Delamoor once caught this swift change from fervent admiration to doubt and gloom, and spoke of it to Sybil.

"I don't quite understand Lord Norman," she said in her serenely placid fashion.

"No, mamma?" murmured Lady Sybil quite as serenely, and a great deal more languidly.

"I feel convinced that he likes you, Sybil; but at times I am puzzled by a singularity in his manner towards you."

Lady Sybil leant back in the chair drawn quite in front of the fire, and gazed with half-closed eyes through the screen of antique stained glass.

"I think I know what you mean, mamma," she said. "It puzzles me sometimes, but I don't think it matters."

"You don't think it matters?" said her mother.

"No," drawled Lady Sybil. "I am quite content to possess my soul in patience, mamma."

And one day her patience was rewarded.

She was sitting by the drawing-room fire just before dinner, neither reading nor working, but just lying back, with her small, white, perfectly-shaped hands resting in her lap—a picture, a poem, typical of indolent grace and loveliness. She had been sitting so for fully an hour, thinking—scarcely thinking, but dreaming—not of Lord Norman, but of Chesney Chase, the Chesney diamonds, the Chesney coronet, quite serenely calm, and, as she had said, possessed of her soul in patience; and was waiting with a perfect appetite for the dinner bell, when she heard the sound of a horseman coming up the drive. She did not turn her head, even when the sounds ceased, and in their place she heard a man's firm tread on the gravel walk outside the window, and a tap on the window itself, but called out in her deliciously modulated voice, "Come in."

The window opened, and Lord Norman entered. He had been hunting, and was in scarlet, and his well-made clothes were splashed with mud and water. But Lady Sybil scarcely glanced at them; his face absorbed all her attention. It was pale and and the dark eyes gleamed with the intensity of a set purpose.

"I am not fit to come in," he said, standing just on the threshold of the window.

She held out her right hand, and smiled languidly.

"Come in, please; the carpet is an old one. Have you had a good run?"

He dropped his cap and whip, and stood beside her, holding her hand.

"Yes," he said. "I think so."

"You think so?" she said, with a faint smile, opening her blue eyes upon him.

"Yes. I haven't paid much attention to the run. I know we have been going like the deuce for the last three-quarters of an hour; but I left them just before they killed.

"And you the master!" she said.

He had just taken up the mastership of the hounds.

"Yes, I the master," he said, looking down at the exquisitely fair face.

"Do you want to see mamma?" she asked. "Well you sit down?"

He let his hand fall on the back of her chair, so that it nearly touched her light golden hair.

"No; I want to see you," he said abruptly, almost fiercely. "Lady Sybil, I have come to tell you that I love you."

Any other woman would have been startled by this sudden avowal; but not Lady Sybil.

She had studied her part. Her head drooped and swayed from him slightly.

"I love you!" he said, and his usually musical voice grew almost harsh. "I have loved you since—since the night I came back. I think of you all day, dream of you all night. I love you. Will you be my wife?"

His hand slid down till it touched the golden hair, and the fingers twitched convulsively. Lady Sybil looked demurely into the fire for a moment, then she turned her eyes up to him.

"And have you left the hounds to tell me this?" she murmured.

"Yes," he said doggedly, "I have. I have been haunted all day by your face—your voice. It is a wonder that I have not broken my neck. One of my horses is staked——"

"Oh, she breathed. "How could you! what should I have done?"

He bent still lower.

"Then—then you care for me—you love me, Sybil?" he said meekly.

She hung her head like a modest well-bred young lady of the very latest type.

"Yes—I love you, Lord Norman," she faltered.

He dropped on his knees beside the chair and put his arm round her.

"You—love me!" he breathed. "Sybil! My darling!"

She let her head sink on to his shoulder, and his passionate kisses rained on her face and hair.

"My dearest!" he breathed. "What can I say? Oh, my dearest!"

She was silent a moment, then she murmured—

"And—and you have loved me all these weeks! It seems so strange! Do you remember how, years ago, when you were a boy, you said that you would never marry me?"

He started slightly, and, for a moment, his grasp of her relaxed; then he laughed shortly.

"I was an unlicked cub—a block of a schoolboy," he said. "Surely you do not keep that up against me, Sybil?"

"No, oh, no!" she said with a smile. "If I remember it, it is only to add to my triumph—dear Norman." She whispered the last words, with a sweetness that thrilled him through and through.

"Forget them," he said. "Forget the past altogether. Love me, the man, Sybil; forget the boy."

"Yes!" she murmured. Then, after a pause, "And you have loved me all these weeks, Norman? Why—why did you not——"

"Why," he said, "because"—his face darkened, and he drew back slightly, then he caught her to him, and looked down in her face—"because I loved you so madly that I doubted you."

"Doubted me?"

"Yes; I was afraid that—that—I can't tell you. Sybil, are you sure that you love me—me, Norman Lechmere, the man, not the viscount and the future earl?"

She raised her eyes to his.

"What a strange question!" she murmured with sweet wonder in her blue eyes.

"Is it?" he said. "Then what they say of women—that they love wealth and rank, and will wed anybody to secure them, is not true?"

"I see!" she said in her soft low voice. "Ah! you wronged me, Norman. It is you—the man—I love. What are all else to me?"

He pressed her to him, and looked down into her face passionately.

"Is that true?" he said huskily. "Is that true? If I were"—he paused, and his face darkened—"if I were poor, without rank, a mere commoner, would you still have loved me? Think! Suppose—it is nonsense, of course! but suppose that I were not my uncle's heir, the next Earl of Chesney—suppose I were a mere nobody, poor and needy, with my way to make in the world, would you still love me, Sybil?"

"Yes, yes," she murmured, letting her head sink upon his breast. "But what nonsense you talk, dear Norman!"

"Yes; it is nonsense," he assented hoarsely. "But, God bless you, my darling, my very own! Whatever happens I am sure of you!"

He strained her to him and kissed her passionately; then he left her, almost as suddenly as he had entered.

Lady Delamoor came in—she had, indeed, partly opened the door some minutes ago, but had discreetly retreated. "Has Lord Norman gone?" she asked.

"Yes, mamma," replied Lady Sybil with a faint flush. "Yes." She smoothed her hair, ruffled by her lover's passionate caresses. "He has asked me to be his wife, mamma,"

Lady Delamoor bent down and kissed her.

"My dear child! I knew it would come!"

"So did I, mamma," said Lady Sybil demurely.

"And—and you have said, 'yes,' and sent him away happy, dear child?"

"I said 'yes,' and I think he has gone away quite happy. He talked terrible nonsense, mamma."

"Nonsense?" said Lady Delamoor.

"Yes," with a soft laugh. "I can't repeat it—it was very foolish; but I suppose all men are foolish when they are proposing."

She paused a moment.

"Do you remember the day he refused to marry me, mamma?"

"Yes," said Lady Delamoor. "But you are not thinking of that—not bearing a grudge, Sybil?"

"N-o. But it makes my triumph all the greater, mamma, does it not?" was the soft, languid response.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE German Emperor has stringently forbidden the officers of his army to have one eye as denoted by wearing one eyeglass.

BY AN INGENIOUS RUSE.—The tower clock of the great mosque of Jamaa Kibur, in Tangier, was sadly in need of repair, but there was no Mussulman who knew enough to do the work. The authorities wrestled well with the difficulty a good deal, but the only way out of it, apparently, was to apply to the one competent man in the city, a Genoese clock and watch maker, and "a Christian dog."

They referred the matter to the Cadi, and he summoned them to council to talk it over. Long and earnest were the deliberations. How to get the "cursed Nazarene" into their holy temple, to repair the clock, without defiling the place, was the terrible problem.

One proposed to abandon the clock al together. Another would lay down boards over which the infidel might pass without touching the sacred floor, but this was held not to be a sufficient safe-guard, and it was finally decided to pull up such parts of the pavement as the unbeliever happened to step on and whitewash the portions of the wall he touched.

The Genoese was now sent for and informed what was wanted of him, being expressly charged to take off his shoes on entering the Jamaa.

"That I won't," said the stout little clock-maker. "I never took them off when I entered the chapel of the most Holy Virgin," and he crossed himself devoutly, "and I won't take them off in the house of your prophet."

The Moslems were now in greater perplexity than ever, and angrily reviled the clock-maker and all his race. Finally, the solemn ulema met in conclave to decide what to do. Could any compromise be made so that the clock could be mended?

No one thought of any, till a gray-bearded Nureddin, who had hitherto been silent, craved permission to say a word.

"If" said the venerable priest, "the mosque be out of repair, and lime and bricks have to be conveyed into the interior for the use of the masons, do not asses carry those loads? and do not they enter with their shoes on?"

"You speak truly," was the general reply.

"And does the donkey," resumed the Nureddin, "believe in the one God, or in Mohammed, the prophet of God?"

"No, in truth," all replied.

"Then," said the Nureddin, "let the Christian go in shod, as a donkey would do, and come out like a donkey."

The old priest's ingenuity was gratefully applauded, and his argument accepted at once. In the character of a donkey, therefore, the artisan entered the temple, mended the clock—not at all, indeed, like a donkey, but as such in the opinion of the Faithful—and came out again; and the great mosque of Tangier has never since needed another visit of the "donkey" to its clock.

A LOSS OF GOLD.—A Frenchman who has been traveling in this country says in Le Temps that what struck him most in the United States was the American habit of filling the teeth was gold. About $500,000 worth of gold is thus used every year, he says, all of which, of course, is buried. So he figures that at the end of three centuries the cemeteries of America will contain gold to the value of $150,000 000. "I am afraid," he adds, "that this will prove too tempting to the practical mind of the future American and we shall see the day when companies will be organized to mine the cemeteries and recover the gold secreted in the jaws of dead ancestors." The writer then goes on and figures on the average amount of gold in the teeth of each dead person. He has evidently been consulting the record of vital statistics, for he says that 875 000 people died in the United States in 1880. This would bring the value of the gold in each dead person's teeth to an average of about 65¾ cents, and he thinks that in well crowded cemeteries the mining of this gold could be carried on profitably, despite the small average value.

LIVED AMONG SAVAGE BEASTS.—In his villa near Piacenza, in Italy, there died lately the famous animal tamer Opilio Faimali, about whom Paolo Mantegazza has written a portly volume. He was born in a small village in the Apennines, and began his career as an imitation Savoyard with two marmots. At Colmar he entered the service of a menagerie as stable-boy, and soon developed an extraordinary power over wild animals.

He had something in the expression of his eye which fascinated even the wildest beasts, and deprived them of their will. Over monkeys, in particular, he gained such an ascendancy that he could make them play the part of domestic servants. One would scarcely think it possible, but he taught them to make a fire in the kitchen range and to prepare simple dishes in perfect style, and to serve them up.

Of course he had stirring adventures, like every other tamer. Once he put his head into the mouth of an old lioness. During the performance her tail got into a neighboring cage, and a panther laid hold of it. This so disconcerted her that she forgot her part, and snapped her jaws. Fortunately, Faimali's skull was thick enough to withstand the pressure, and he was soon able to extricate himself alive; but he carried the marks of his mishap to his last day, and never repeated the dangerous trick.

In 1862, when at Amsterdam, a young gentleman, Mynheer van Wijngaaden, went with him into a tiger's cage; but the beast at once fell upon the unknown intruder and killed him on the spot were in vain, and he was himself severely mauled.

With snakes he was less successful than with warm-blooded animals. His eye had no effect upon them; and once, in Paris, a big boa constrictor had nearly crushed him, and had to be killed in order to deliver him from its folds.

Later on he retired on his accumulated wealth at Piacenza, and married. But his marriage was not a happy one. Only a few months after, his wife left him, and henceforth he only lived for his pets—lions, tigers and monkeys.

LIFE'S HAPPINESS.—Byron has said, "All who joy would win Must share it—happiness was born a twin." This implies the readiness to accept on the one hand as much as the desire to bestow on the other. The ability and willingness to impart happiness are always deemed worthy of honor, but the power and desire to participate in it are seldom considered of much consequence. Yet it is just this hospitable and sympathetic welcome to all glad influences which makes a large portion of the sweetness and happiness of life. Like other faculties, it can be cultivated; he who has it not can acquire it, and he who has it can increase it.

IF IN NEED OF A REMEDY for a Sore Throat, or a Bad Cough or Cold use promptly Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a useful medicine to keep in the house, because of its great helpfulness in all Lung and Throat troubles.

Scientific and Useful.

CANDLESTICK AND MATCHBOX.—A combined candlestick and matchbox, with a projecting spur permitting its ready attachment to the wall, when desired, has been invented.

OF CAST STEEL.—A billiard room in New York has a set of pool balls made of cast steel. They are imported from England and are just the same weight as ivory balls. The cost in England was eight shillings each.

WOODWORK.—Hereafter there is to be no woodwork whatever on German men-of-war. This is a direct outcome of the battle at Yalu, in which many of the vessels engaged were disabled in some degree by the burning of inferior woodwork.

OF LARGE SIZE.—A Belgian inventor has devised an immense lamp such as has probably never been seen before. It is composed of 3000 pieces, six feet high and measures 7.10 feet in diameter. It is fed with lard oil, and the consumption is said to be very small.

A BIG MAGNET.—Colonel King's great cannon magnet of 130,000 pounds at Willet's Point is so strong that it will sustain five cannon balls weighing 325 pounds each; and an iron spike placed against the breast of a man standing three or four feet off, with his back to the gun, stood out straight.

A MOVABLE STUDIO.—One of the best-known Paris photographers is in possession of a movable studio. In appearance it resembles a railway carriage, with glass sides and blinds, and it runs on a circular track—the idea being to get the proper rays of light at the proper angle on the person inside.

Farm and Garden.

WEEDS.—To get rid of weeds it is only necessary not to allow them to produce seed. If this is done every year they are sure to be exterminated.

TEMPERATURE.—The exact temperature for loosening the hair from the skin of a pig at buchering is 180. The pig should remain a full minute in the water at this temperature to give time for the hair to be loosened.

FOOD.—Reducing the amount of food is not economy in feeding, as the product may be reduced correspondingly. The true way to economize in feeding is to have animals that will yield the greatest quantity on a certain allowance of food, and to give them all the food they will consume as long as they are giving a profit.

REPUTATION.—Make a reputation as an honorable packer and shipper of fruit. Divers weights and measures are a hindrance to progress as well as "an abomination to the Lord." Have true barrels, crates and berry boxes, and put in them no unsound fruit. If you do, blame no one else for your losses. Pack your seconds separately, and mark them so.

LUXURIES.—Why should not the farmer raise luxuries under glass for his home supply? It is true that but few of them do so, but they possess the opportunities and advantages for so doing and allow them to pass by. There is but little that the farmer could not have if he will. He may not secure much profit, in the shape of cash, but he can have more enjoyments if he will devote more labor to supplying his own table.

LOVERS APART.

BY C. J.

We meet, and speak, and part, as friends may do,
With smile or jest; but deep within our eyes
And trembling on our meeting palms, yet lies
A love unuttered, not less deep and true
Than when your lips touched mine, and, questioning, drew
My love's confession, under sunnier skies.
This busy Love, whose quivering shuttle flies
With shining, golden thread—and crimson, through
Our life, still weaves us soul to soul in thrall
To work, with hearts kept warm; and, trusting grown,
Find hope in darkest lives; since, spite the wall
Impalpable, impenetrable, thrown
By Fate between us, each can say: "In all
This restless world, just this one heart's my own."

A LIFE REDEEMED

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADYBIRD'S PENITENCE," "HIS WEDDED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV—(CONTINUED.)

CHANDOS was "walking on bayonets," and he knew it. One false step, and he would be ruined. But he sent an acceptance, and at half-past seven appeared at Highfield apparently as cool as a cucumber, and as æsthetically at his ease as a man could be.

Dane received him rather coldly, and St. Aubyn, after an "How do you do?" simply ignored him. He read the man's character at a glance.

"I'm afraid Lady Dane won't be able to put in an appearance," Dane was saying, as they lounged about the drawing-room in the "terrible fifteen minutes" before dinner; but as he spoke Lyra and Mrs. Leslie entered the room.

Lyra wore a dress of some soft black material covered with lace, against which her pale face and large sad eyes contrasted with an effect that struck a chord that Mr. Chandos fully appreciated.

She did not shake hands with him—dinner was announced as she entered the room—but only bowed coldly, and St. Aubyn took her in.

The dinner passed pleasantly enough. Mrs. Leslie and Chandos got into an argument anent modern fiction and poetry, and kept it up during the whole of the meal, Dane and St. Aubyn listening, and Lyra sitting silent and preoccupied.

After the ladies had left the dining-room, Dane tried to make himself agreeable, though he disliked and distrusted his cousin. Lord St. Aubyn sat and sulked in a grim silence that would have been creditable to a North American Indian.

Mr. Chandos watched them both with his half-closed eyes, and carefully avoided the pitfall which the old port and rare claret presented; and when Dane proposed that they should join the ladies, Mr. Chandos was, for a wonder, clear-headed.

Mrs. Leslie was at the piano when they entered the drawing-room, and Lyra was half-recumbent on a couch near the window.

St. Aubyn went up to her, and, in a most natural manner, re-arranged the cushions.

"Lord St. Aubyn is quite the tame cat of your household," Chandos said to Dane with a sleek smile.

Dane turned upon him with mingled dislike and surprise.

"What do you mean?" he asked coldly.

Chandos smiled enigmatically.

"He and Lady Dane are fast friends evidently," he said.

"Yes, they are," said Dane simply. "St. Aubyn is the best friend I have.

"Just so," said Chandos, and he sauntered to the piano.

A very little persuasion from Mrs. Leslie induced him to play and sing, and his thin but "artful" voice floated through the room not disagreeably.

Lyra lay back and listened with half-closed eyes. She was back at the cottage, on the river, once more, and that voice filled her with loathing.

It became unendurable after a time, and she rose and moved towards the open window.

St. Aubyn took up the Indian shawl and put it round her.

"Beware of a chill, Lady Dane," he said. "An invalid cannot be too careful."

"Oh! but I am not an invalid now," she said, listlessly, and she went through the open window on to the terrace. A minute or two afterwards a shadow fell across the marble pavement, and Chandos Armitage—"Geoffrey Barle," stood beside her.

"Lyra!" he said in a low voice.

She turned, clutching the stone coping, and faced him. Her heart was beating quickly, but there was no fear in her eyes, only a dull despair, a determination to know the worst and meet it.

His pale eyes flickered and fell before her direct gaze.

"Lyra!" he said in a low voice, and with a glance over her shoulder into the ball-room. "What do you mean to do?"

She put her hand to her bosom as if to stem the beating of her tortured heart.

"You know we can't go on like this," he continued, "you are my wife, you know."

She looked at him despairingly.

"Yes," he said, watching her intently, "you are my wife right enough. You don't deny that; you cannot."

"No," she breathed, "I—I cannot!"

He drew a breath of relief and smiled.

"How did you come to marry my cousin Dane?" he asked. You thought I was dead, I suppose?"

"Yes," she said, in a dull, stupified way, "I thought you were dead."

He smiled.

"Well, I'm not surprised. It did look like it, didn't it? But it was a mistake, you see. Mistakes will happen. The man who was drowned was a common sailor. We exchanged coats. He fell over the quay that—that afternoon we were married. I am your husband and alive!"

She shuddered, and gripped the edge of the balcony.

"I am your husband in the sight of heaven, and—what is more important—the law. I could claim you here, and now."

She shrank from him, and put out her hand as if to repudiate his claim.

"That is the fact, the plain statement of the case, my dear Lyra," he said. "I could go to that stuck-up cousin of mine, Dane, and say, 'This woman is my wife!'

"No, no!" she panted.

"Exactly," he said. "You shrink from that, and so do I. I'm one of the family, and I don't want to make a scandal. I'd do anything to avoid it. Why, bless my soul, the world would never forget it. It would be called 'The Starminster Scandal,' and would ruin us for ever. Fancy the poor old earl thrown out of place and power! Fancy Dane dishonored and disgraced!"

She put out her hand again pleadingly.

"Yes, of course you see all that it means," he said. "But how are you going to avoid it?"

Her only response was a gesture of despair.

"How are you going to avoid it? There is one way. Lyra, my dear——"

She shuddered at the familiarity.

"——you must disappear.

"Disappear?"

She uttered the word as if it conveyed no meaning to her.

"Yes," he said, drawing nearer, and whispering in her ear. "You must leave him—must leave Dane."

"Leave—Dane?" she panted in a tone of agony.

He nodded, glancing over his shoulder.

"Yes. What else can you do? You don't propose to remain on here, I suppose?" He smiled sardonically. "I don't think I could stand that. And you don't propose to blurt out the truth and make a scandal. That would be rather rough on Dane, who, after all, isn't to blame, for I imagine he is ignorant of our marriage."

"Yes, yes!" she breathed. "He knows nothing. Oh, if I had only told him!"

"Ah! 'these vain regrets,' as the poet says," said Mr. Chandos. "If you had done, or left undone the other—well, then the muddle wouldn't have occurred. There's much virtue in an 'if,' as Shakespeare says. But what is the use of looking back or considering possibilities? You have to face the present facts. Here are you married to two men, to me and Dane. It's true you thought yourself a widow, though, by-the-way, you might have waited a year or two——"

She pressed her hands to her face.

"I—I had given you up," she panted. "You tricked, betrayed me into a marriage. I was your wife in name only."

"And in law, my dear Lyra," he said. "Don't forget that! As I said, I could claim you and take you away at this moment. I could force you to come with me."

"No, no!" she panted, shuddering and shrinking from him, and the pale eyes were glittering threateningly.

"Don't get excited," he said, "and don't speak so loudly. One of them, Dane or that man St. Aubyn, will hear you and come out, and the fat will be in the fire." Certainly Chandos had not been improved by his Continental wanderings. "One word from me and you are ruined, and Dane is the laughing stock of the world."

"No, no, spare him!" she moaned.

"I purpose doing so," said Chandos. "See here," he took her hand, but she shook him off.

"Don't touch me!" she said with a shudder, "I—I will listen to you, I may do what you tell me, but—but don't touch me."

"You must leave Dane," he said, in a low impressive voice. "You must leave him to-morrow. You have money, I suppose?"

She made a gesture of assent. Dane had opened a banking account for her. The interest of her settlement money—a fairly large amount—stood to her credit.

"Very well. Nothing is easier for you than to disappear. You can go to London and lie by there quietly until the fuss and excitement has cooled down, then you can go to the Continent. In one of the small towns in Normandy or Brittany, you can live very cheaply and quietly."

She turned upon him suddenly, with a kind of fierce desperation.

"And you? You—you will not persecute me? Will not follow me?"

He shrugged his shoulders and smiled—the cynical, self-satisfied smile which is so hateful in a man.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear Lyra. My—shall I call it fancy—has evaporated long ago. I shall not persecute you, as you phrase it. I shall merely let you go your own way, and I give you my solemn promise that while you keep out of the way and hold your tongue, I will hold mine."

She laid her forehead on her hands and tried to think. After all, rack her brains as she might, was there any alternative course to that which he proposed? She could not stay longer with Dane, unless she were utterly reckless and abandoned. She could not tell him the truth, and stain him with the stain of her own disgrace and dishonor.

No, there was only one way possible—flight.

Dane's voice was heard behind them. He was coming on to the terrace with St. Aubyn. She raised her head and looked, like a haunted animal, from side to side.

"Quick!" whispered Chandos, thickly. "Which is it to be—yes or no?"

"Yes, yes; I will go," she panted, then staggered away from him and entered the house by a lower window.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

LYRA lay awake all that night, a prey to the despair which nerves one to action.

Whichever way she looked no course seemed open to her but that which ever since his reappearance had again and again, though vaguely, occurred to her.

She must leave Dane, must leave him in ignorance of the cause of her flight. Let him think what he would of her—the worst, if it must be!—but the truth he must never learn. The least she could do was to spare his honored name from a scandal as the disclosure of her double marriage would bring down upon him. If the world remained ignorant of the cause of her flight it would blame her alone, and have only pity for him; but if it were known that he had been "entrapped" into a bigamous marriage it would treat him with scorn and ridicule, the mere thought of which almost drove her mad as she lay in the silence and solitude of the night.

Yes, there was nothing else for her. It was impossible for her to confess, impossible for her to remain, even though Dane should forgive her, for was she not Chandos Armitage's wife? A doubt of the legality of the marriage that had taken place in the old church never occurred to her, and even if it had done she would not have dared to question it. To whom could she go with her story?

Towards morning she fell into an uneasy, dream-haunted sleep, and awoke to find Mrs. Leslie, who slept in an adjoining room, standing beside her bed.

Lyra started—the start of the guilty—and raised herself on her elbow with a look of terror in her eyes.

"What—what is it?" she breathed, looking at a letter which Mrs. Leslie held in her hand.

"Oh, my dear, I am afraid I have startled you!" said Mrs. Leslie with self-reproach. "Don't be frightened. I came in to show you a letter I have just had from Theodosia."

Lyra fell back with a sigh of relief.

"Is it bad news?" she asked in a low voice.

"Well, it is," replied Mrs. Leslie anxiously. "She has sprained her ankle, coming down the stairs of one of those wretched cottages."

"I am sorry!" said Lyra. "You must go to her at once."

Mrs. Leslie looked troubled and uncertain.

"Well, she doesn't ask me to go—indeed, she says I am on no account to leave you; but I know that she would like me to be with her. But I won't leave you, Lyra dear."

"You must go by the first train," Lyra said in a tone of quiet decision which rather surprised Mrs. Leslie. "Of course you must go. I am much better, quite well now, and I would not have you stay. I will get up at once. Poor Theodosia! why cannot I go?" Then she turned her head away and stifled a moan. She would never see Theodosia again! "I will get up at once. Is it late?"

Mrs. Leslie looked at her watch.

"It is rather. You have had a long sleep, I am glad to say, dear. And you are sure that you are well enough for me to leave you?"

Lyra, by way of reply, got out of bed.

"Oh, yes—yes!" she said. "You must go, even if I were at death's door!"

"I should scarcely leave you then, but I am glad to say that you are very far from death's door, dear," Mrs. Leslie said with a smile, and kissed her.

Lyra was about to return the kiss, but checked herself, and turned away with a sigh.

"I am not fit to kiss her!" was her reflection.

Mrs. Leslie had only time to snatch a hasty breakfast, and Dane drove her to the station before Lyra came down. Breakfast was a "go-as-you-please" meal at Highfield, and St. Aubyn was seated at the table with his coffee and toast. He rose, and laid down the paper as Lyra entered, his grave eyes scanning her face. Something in it awakened his anxiety, an indefinable expression which he remembered later on.

"Ought you to get up so early Lady Dane?" he said earnestly, as he put a chair for her. "I think you must have been tired last night; wouldn't it have been wise to have taken a long rest this morning?"

"No, I am quite well and strong now," she said; and her voice struck him, as the expression of her face had done.

"You can't be too careful," he said. While they had been speaking he had got a warm plate for her and her cup. Dane did not like servants about the breakfast-table. "What shall I give you? An omelette, some fish?" She accepted some fish, but scarcely made a pretence of eating it. He adjusted the blind so that the sunlight should not fall in her eyes, poured out her tea, and put a footstool for her, all in his usual quiet, matter-of-course, and unobtrusive fashion.

"I hope we did not disturb you as we came up last night?" he said.

"No," she said absently. "Were you late?"

"Well, we were rather," he said. He paused a moment. "Mr. Chandos Armitage engaged us in an argument in the smoking room."

She shuddered slightly at the sound of the name.

"Yes," she said faintly. "What—what was it about?"

"Oh, I happened to mention the trouble the poaching fellows are giving my people at my place, and Mrs. Chandos maintained that I was not doing my duty because I had not given orders to my keepers to shoot those gentry. I've always noticed that your gentle poet is generally a most bloodthirsty individual."

"You don't like him?" she said in a low voice and half mechanically.

St. Aubyn colored and laughed shortly. "How did you discover that?" he asked with some surprise. "I flattered myself that I had concealed my feeling quite cleverly. Well, now, to be candid, I don't like him. I hope you'll forgive me for disliking so near a relation of yours."

Lyra started.

"Near relation!" she breathed. "Ah, yes, he—he is Dane's cousin; I forgot."

"Yes," said St. Aubyn; "and I wish he were not. If I might venture, I should say that he has not found much favor in your sight, Lady Dane?"

Lyra knit her hands together.

"I—I don't know. Why do you say this?" she demanded with a kind of repressed fear.

St. Aubyn smiled.

"For the same reason that you said the same of me. You see I know you so well that I have learned to read your face," he replied quite naturally. "I think, with you, that Mr. Chandos is a particularly disagreeable person. The sort of man——"

He stopped.

"Go on," she said in a low voice.

He laughed apologetically.

"Well, I was going to say that I should be sorry to put my trust in Mr. Chandos, and I should be still more sorry to have to depend on him. There are some men," he went on reflectively, "who are always trying to wear a mask, always endeavoring to keep their character from showing itself in their faces, but who never succeed. Mr. Chandos is one of them. He is a most amusing, accomplished person, with the mask on. Last night in the smoking-room"—he paused. If Lyra had been a man he would have added "and with the whisky in"—"he dropped the mask and allowed Dane and me to catch a glimpse of his real self, and—well, we both agreed that Mr. Chandos' professions and sentiment and noble feeling were mere shams, monkey and the tiger in him—cunning and cruelty. But," and he colored, "I ought not to say that to you, Lady Dane!"

"Yes; it is quite true," she said, more to herself than to him.

St. Aubyn looked at her with surprise.

"You speak as if you knew him—had heard him talk, as we heard him talk last night, when he was off his guard," he said.

She rose, then sank down again.

"What were you reading in the paper?"

He understood that she wished to change the conversation.

"The Landcross case," he said. "I suppose you have not seen anything of it, though?"

She shook her head absently.

"No. What is it?"

"A very unhappy and melancholy one," he said. "Lady Landcross has left her husband."

He did not want to continue the subject, which he was sorry he had mentioned.

"Left her husband?" she repeated.

"Yes; it is a singular case. I don't think it would interest you. The melancholy part of it is that she fled from owing to a misunderstanding."

Lyra bent her eyes upon her cup.

"A misunderstanding?"

"Yes; the unfortunate woman had concealed from him an incident in her life that had occurred before their marriage, and under the impression that she had brought dishonor upon him, she left her home. She caught cold during her flight, poor woman, and died."

"Unfortunate?" she breathed. "You pity her?"

St. Aubyn looked again at her, with surprise.

"Why, yes. Do not you?"

"No," she said in a low tone. "You forget—she died! She was happy in that."

St. Aubyn stared at her.

"But it was all a misconception," he said. "If she had but confided in him, and told him everything, all would have been set right, and she might be living and as happy as a woman could be. I knew her—both of them—very well," he went on, musingly. "They were devoted to each other apparently; hadn't a thought that wasn't common to them. They were as fond of each other as—as—you and Dane are. Poor Landcross is almost beside himself with grief."

The color rose to Lyra's pale face, then died away, all but two hectic spots on her cheeks, which made her large, sad eyes appear unnaturally bright.

"She only thought she was bringing dishonor upon her husband," she said after a pause, and with her eyes still downcast; "but suppose she had been right; suppose that by flight she could have spared him, saved him, would she not have been right in leaving him, in disappearing? Should not"—she raised her eyes, but he had risen, and was standing looking out of the window, and did not meet them—"should not a woman's first thought and care be the honor of her husband, the man she loves?"

He was thinking of the woman, his own wife, who had brought dishonor to him, had darkened his life, and his voice sounded cold and almost stern as he answered—

"Yes! Her husband's honor, his good name before the world should be dearer than her own life, and it is so in the heart of every true wife."

Lyra rose, and stood with her back to him, her hand grasping the back of her chair, her bosom heaving with suppressed emotion. It was as if she had heard the sentence of death pronounced upon her.

As she moved towards the door the dog-cart drove up, and Dane entered the hall and came into the room. His face lit up with a smile at sight of her.

"You up?" he said; then, as he saw her white face and anguished eyes, the smile died away. "What is the matter, dearest?" he asked, putting his arm round her.

St. Aubyn walked out through the open window. She suffered Dane's embrace for a moment, then put his arm gently from her.

"I—I am tired this morning," she faltered.

"Why did you get up?" he said at once. "Go and lie down! I wish I had not let Mrs. Leslie go! Shall I send for her to come back? Will you have the doctor?"

"No, no!" she said, and she forced a smile. "I will go to my room and rest, I will not come down again."

His face fell, but he assented tenderly, unselfishly.

"Do not. I will see that the house is kept quiet, and that no one shall disturb you. I was going to ride over to Starminster, getting back to dinner—there is something the steward wants to see me about—but I won't go now."

"Yes!" she said eagerly, her hand on his arm, the two spots burning on her cheeks. "Yes, I wish you to go—I wish you to! And—and—" her voice faltered. "I will come down to dinner—if I can."

The last words were almost inaudible.

"Will you?" he said, wistfully. "But you must not over-exert yourself, dearest. I will come up and see how you are when I come back."

He kissed her and held her to him, and suddenly she raised her head, looked him full in the eyes, and put her lips to his. The poor fellow's face flushed like a boy's, and his heart leapt. He was as much in love with her—more, if that was possible—than in the days before their marriage.

The flush was still on his face when he went out in search of St. Aubyn. He found him seated on a beach, his head bowed, a dark frown on his face. He looked up with an absent expression as Dane approached.

"Lyra has gone to her room. She is not strong yet. But she is coming down to dinner." He paused a moment, then added, in a low voice that trembled with gratitude: "Do you know, old fellow, that though she is still weak, I think that hysteria is leaving her?" He could feel Lyra's kiss still on his lips. "Yes, thank God! we shall soon have her like her old self again. Will you come over to Starminster with me?"

St. Aubyn shook his head. He was beginning to cast off the black which the memory of his great trouble had caused, but had not yet succeeded. He wanted to be alone for an hour or so.

"I think not," he said, "I have some letters to write," and he walked away.

"Poor old chap!" murmured Dane as he went off to the stables. A quarter of an hour afterwards he rode off in a lighter and more hopeful mood than he had been in since Lyra's illness.

Lyra went up to her room. The weakness which had almost brought her to the ground in the breakfast-room had left her, and the strength of despair had again come to her aid. St. Aubyn was right. A woman's first thought should be of her husband's good name. His honor should be dearer to her than life. The only way of saving Dane was by her flight. She must go. She threw herself on her knees beside the bed and tried to plan out her course; but, alas, alas, for some time she could only recall the happy past.

"A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

It seemed that every loving word Dane had ever spoken to her came hovering across her brain. What would he do when he learned that she had left him?

The day passed slowly; the maid brought her some lunch, but Lyra was lying on the bed, apparently asleep, and the maid, afraid of waking her, set the tray on the table, and stole out on tiptoe. Towards the afternoon some clouds came up on the sky from the west, and the summer's brightness grew dull and overcast. A soft drizzle set in. She rose about five o'clock and packed a few things in a small hand-bag, then exchanged the simple, but bright and costly morning frock for a dark serge gown, and put a thick veil over her hat. She was feeling faint, and the sight of the luncheon tray reminded her that she had eaten nothing since breakfast, and that she could not carry out her resolve without food. She forced herself to eat something, though every mouthful threatened to choke her, then sat down to nerve herself for flight.

She knew that a train left Highfield at six, and she knew that in all probability she could reach the station by the private path through the park unseen. Her plan—if the confused, nebulous idea that surged through the brain deserved such a title—was to go to London. She had money; some of her own was still left. In London she would hide until—well, until she could find some situation abroad.

She meant to go without a word, but at the last moment this resolution broke down before the remembrance of Dane's love. She wrote a few words, enclosed them in an envelope addressed to him, and laid it on the top of the jewel-case on the dressing-table. In this case she had put all the jewelry she usually wore; the diamonds and pearls were at the bank; and she tried to take the wedding-ring from her finger, but she could not. With a heart-broken cry she put her hand, with the ring still on, behind her.

The rain increased, the dulness grew almost into darkness, but she did not notice the weather. As usual the house was very still and quiet, but she crept down the broad stairs as if a crowd of detectives were listening for her footsteps, and when she had crossed the hall and passed out at the wide open door, she ran unsteadily to the shelter of the shrubbery, and stood there, looking back to the house with eyes that were blinded with unshed tears.

The private path through the park was seldom used, and she made her way along it without meeting anyone. Just as she reached the end of it, and was entering upon the road, she thought she heard footsteps in the wood on her left. She stopped and put her hand to her bosom, her heart was thumping; but the footsteps, if the sound proceeded from them, ceased, and after a minute's hesitation, during which she felt like a thief, she went rapidly on.

As she passed through the wicket gate, with its inscription "Private," Mr. Chandos stepped out on the path, and stole rapidly after her. He stopped at the gate and watched her, then drew back with a flickering smile of indecision. "By heaven she has gone!" he muttered.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

NOW, strange to say, Mr. Chandos was on his way to the house to see her and to beg her to remain! Chandos Armitage, it need not be said, was a coward at heart. He had spent a bad night, the result of too much whisky—and new whisky—consumed after he had reached the inn; and he had woke with that feeling of oppression which copious draughts of inferior spirits inevitably produce. He fell to thinking as he rolled his hot head on the pillow, and he came to the conclusion that, to use his own words, he "was playing a dangerous game!"

Mr. Chandos valued his own skin even above the chance of coming into the title; and it flashed upon him—in the waking hours—that Dane was not the sort of man to let Lyra go without following her; that, in all probability, he would come up with her. Then an explanation—a full explanation—of the cause of her flight would fall from Lyra, and then—well, Chandos had a wholesome dread of both Dane and the law.

So far as the latter was concerned he might, it was true, try bluster, and assert that the marriage in the old church was a legal one; but even if he escaped the law there was Dane to deal with, and Chandos shuddered as he reflected upon Dane's strength and the readiness with which Dane, when his passion was aroused, was accustomed to use it. Dane had once given him a severe thrashing when they were lads, and Chandos remembered it with extraordinary vividness.

Yes, he had concluded, it would be better to let matters slide, and leave Lyra in peace. Perhaps she or Dane might die; perhaps there might not be any son and heir born to come between Mr. Chandos and the title. Anyway, it was too dangerous a game to play. He had not risen till late, and had strolled about all the morn-

ing to get rid of his headache, and, when his nerves were a little steadier and his hand not quite so shaky, he had made his way through the wood in the hope of reaching the house and seeing Lyra without being by anyone but her.

And now she was gone! Her dark dress, thick veil, and the small bag were evidences that it was indeed a flight.

He leant against a tree and wiped the sweat from his brow as he tried to decide what course to adopt. Should he follow her to the station and persuade her to return to the house on the assurance of his secrecy? But would she be persuaded? He knew that it was not selfish fear that had prompted her to consent to his proposition. He knew that she was "disappearing" because she believed that by so doing she would spare Dane.

"No," he thought, "she won't come back. There'll be a scene at the station; she'll faint or go into hysterics at the sight of me, and then—— But, curse it, I must chance it."

He went quickly through the gate, and was hurrying along the road to the station when he heard the rattle of the train. He must have remained in the wood considering matters longer than he thought. With an oath he pulled up and stared at the train as it dashed by on the embankment before him.

Should he follow her to London? he asked himself. Anyway, whether he tried to find her or not, he was off by the next train.

He turned, and was speeding to the inn to pack his portmanteaus, when a tall figure came striding out of a lane before him. It was St. Aubyn.

Mr. Chandos started guiltily, and bit his lip nervously. Of course Lyra's flight had been already discovered, and here was "that fellow" on her trail.

He forced a sickly smile as St. Aubyn approached, and greeted him as blandly and carelessly as he could.

St. Aubyn nodded, and seemed as if he were about to pass on; but he stopped as if by an afterthought.

"How do you do, Mr. Armitage? Are you going to the house?"

His tone was grave and preoccupied, and Chandos noticed that he looked serious and thoughtful.

"N—o—that is; yes," said Chandos, with an involuntary stammer.

St. Aubyn looked at him uncertainly, as if hesitating and doubtful as to some course of action depending on Chandos' reply.

"You are?" he said.

"Yes," said Chandos more boldly. "I was going to inquire after Lady Dane. I trust that she is none the worse for her kind exertions last night."

He fixed his pale eyes on St. Aubyn's face keenly.

St. Aubyn hesitated a moment.

"Lady Dane is not so well to-day and is confined to her room," he said. "I am afraid she will not be able to see you."

He wanted to save Lyra from even the chance of meeting with the precious Mr. Chandos.

"Oh, I am sorry, very sorry," said Chandos in his sleekest, most sympathetic tones.

"Yes," said St. Aubyn absently. He looked towards the station. "Was that the London train just passed?" he asked.

Mr. Chandos shot a keen glance at him. He did know, then!

"Yes," he said, "it has just gone. I suppose you didn't want to travel by it?" And he looked at St. Aubyn's tweed suit of knickerbockers and gaiters.

"Yes, I did," said St. Aubyn.

Mr. Chandos started and stared at him. "Well, that's cool, at any rate," Chandos thought.

St. Aubyn noticed neither the start nor the stare.

"I have just had a telegram calling me home," he said. "You may remember my telling Dane and you about the poaching at my place?"

"Yes," said Chandos, still staring.

"It seems that there was an affray last night between my men and the poachers and some rough work between them—bloodshed, I'm afraid. I met the telegraph boy in the lane just now, and I think I ought to go at once."

"Well," thought Mr. Chandos, with a kind of contempt, "you are about the poorest hand at a plausible lie I have ever met." But aloud he said in a sympathetic tone. "Of course, of course. But the train has just gone."

"The London one," said St. Aubyn, "but I can catch the next train that goes to Hosford Junction and get across to my place by a train from there."

"Yes," said Mr. Chandos, "I suppose you can."

"I trouble you with all this," went on St. Aubyn, "because I thought, if you were going to the house, you would kindly take a message to Dane and tell him about the telegram, and that I have caught the next train. He needn't send my things on, as I will be back as soon as I can."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

At Home and Abroad.

Swiss firms have entered into a contract with the Japanese War Office to supply a sufficient number of watches for one to be given to every soldier who has served in the campaign when the Mikado reviews his victorious troops at the close of the war. The watches, which will take the place of war medals, are to cost $1.50 apiece.

Cook county, Minn., is one of the most thinly populated counties in the Union. It had, by the census of 1890, only 98 inhabitants, a gain of but 63 in ten years. Bowman county, N. D., had 6 inhabitants, and Sheridan county had but 5; Choteau county had only 7. Most of these sparsely settled counties of the new States have doubtless gained considerably since 1890, but the sparsely settled counties of Texas are probably little changed in this regard. Lamb county had 4 inhabitants; Parmer, 7; Yoakum, 4, and Loving, 3.

It is probable that the million acres of land constituting the Wichita Indian reservation will be opened for homestead settlement in the coming spring. The Indian Committee of the House has made a favorable report upon the bill for that purpose. It provides for the peremptory adjustment of the rights of the Choctaws, Chickasaws and Wichitas in the reservation. The land is among the best in Oklahoma, the people of which are, of course, anxious to gain control of it this year. It is pleasing to know that, in this case, the proper privileges of the Indians will be fully respected.

A valuable discovery has been made at Planella-Settelmini, near Pompeii, on the property of a certain M. Vincent de Prosco. A house has been unearthed which was covered at the time the city was buried, and it is said to be in a more perfect condition than any building yet discovered. It contains several large apartments and three bath rooms, with the basins in sculptured marble, and with leaden pipes ornamented with bronze faucets. The three rooms correspond, says the writer, in describing the discovery, to the "calidarium, tepidarium and frigidarium, which were always to be found in ancient houses of the first class. In consequence of the eruption of vesuvius in A. D. 79 the Pompeiian houses brought to light heretofore have been roofless almost without exception. Fortunately, however, that on the property of M. De Prosco is perfect, and archæologists are happy over the fact. The roof measures almost forty-four feet in length."

In a township in Iowa is a school district that all the female teachers regard as a mascot. Every girl teacher the district has had in the last 15 years has become engaged, either during the school term or just after. The wages are low, but the applicants are numerous.

There is a little group of islands in the Pacific Ocean, half-way between Hawaii and Samoa. One of them is called Fanning Island, and it is the property of an American family named Grieg, who work it for guano. The Griegs lead an ideal life, apart from all others of their kind, save a hundred natives, who do their work. Once only in six months do they hear from the world, and then a little sailing vessel comes to them, laden with letters, books, newspapers and provisions. It is always summer on the islands—always so warm that one can swing in a hammock all night beneath the clear sky.

An interesting series of experiments have been made recently to test the difference between the draught or road friction of a carriage with and without the modern pneumatic tired wheels. Two ordinary box buggies were employed, each being weighted to weigh 254 pounds. On a smooth hard pine floor it was found that the power required tostart the pneumatic tire from a standstill was four pounds and the power to start the steel-tired carriage was three pounds. Next an obstruction five sixteenths of an inch high was placed in front of each carriage, and it was found that 25 pounds was required to haul the steel-tired carriage over the obstruction and but 11 pounds to draw the pneumatic-tired carriage.

In the file room and document rooms at the Capitol, secreted under piles of useless Government publications and the accumulated dust of years, lie many precious papers and books whose existence is forgotten, or at least is unknown. Not long ago one of the file clerks of the House of Representatives found eight autograph letters of Washington in the midst of a pile of old records which his superior officer thought he "might just as well get rid of." At another time he discovered in a pigeon hole the original of the letter Martha Washington wrote in response to a resolution declaring it to be the sense of Congress that the Father of his Country should be buried in the crypt of the Capitol, in which she gives her objections to that plan.

In the February "Century" Mrs. James T. Fields tells the following incident which Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes once related to her. "Just forty years ago," he said. "I was whipped at school for a slight offence—whipped with a ferrule right across my hands, so that I went home with a blue mark where the blood had settled, and for a fortnight my hands were stiff and swollen from the blows. The other day an old man called at my house and inquired for me. He was bent and could just creep along. When he came in he said: 'How do you do, sir; do you recollect your old teacher, Mr. ——?' I did, perfectly! He sat and talked awhile about indifferent subjects, but I saw something rising in his throat, and I knew it was that whipping. After a while he said: 'I came to ask your forgiveness for whipping you once when I was in anger; perhaps you have forgotten it, but I have not.' It had weighed upon his mind all these years! He must be rid of it before lying down to sleep peacefully."

There is no article made that purity is as important in as soap. Thousands, however, buy cheap adulterated soaps, to save a few cents and lose dollars in rotted clothing. Dobbins' Electric Soap, perfectly pure, saves dollars.

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POST

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Concerning Grumblers.

There are certain matters about which some of us continually and constitutionally "grumble." One is the weather. If we had not the privilege of finding fault with that, half of our conversation would be lost. The weather which, say some, is always too wet or too dry, has yet endured for some 5,000 years, and has each year brought forth the earth's fruit in due time; and the calm alternation of the seasons, the sweet revolution of day and night, sunset and sunrise, lull and storm, and the continual passage of fructifying clouds, occur for ever and ever, ordered by an All-wise All-enduring Being, and still kept in motion, in spite of the little discontents of man.

The jangling of the sexes takes place at a very early age, and after a certain armistice, continues till very late. Little boys and girls are naturally averse one to another, and quarrel sufficiently to make it apparent. When the animal man arrives at a ripe maturity, after the spring madness of love has subsided, he takes again to his grumbling. He growls against his wife, servants, and friends; he growls at home, and he growls abroad; and with this safety-valve he manages to exist very well.

A grumbling husband, like a scold of a wife, is often a very good fellow at bottom. He loves to see his home neat, and he scolds at its untidiness. He takes pleasure and pride in the wife and bairns; hence he has an eagle eye, which always picks out the piece of dirt in the wrong place and at the wrong time. The ingenuity with which he will find subjects for his "grumble" excites the indignant wonder of his wife, but the little excitement, so that it does not drive the wife out of her wits, and cause the servant to drown herself and her troubles in the water-butt, does not do much harm.

Grumbling is, as we have said, the safety valve; as long as the steam blows off the machine is safe; the husband will be a good, homely, faithful, hard-working fellow, in spite of his growl, enjoyable like a vigorous day which always threatens rain, and yet keeps up. But it is your serene, smiling, polite fellows who never can be offended till you have hurt them past recall; these men are to be dreaded. The grumbler and the scold are equally unpleasant to live with, but they have their virtues, whereas the selfishly quiet fellow, who never oversets his temper, frequently has none.

Still, ill-temper is a constant sin, and dissatisfaction with the general concerns in life is a sin also. Between the employer and the employed, with children and with sensitive natures generally, there is much harm done by grumpy unconciliatory manners. Many a child has had its life's joy grumbled right out of it. Many a young heart has its affection chilled for ever by a constantly cross face. The cheerful meed of praise is not a phrase only, it is a truth. A dog and a horse like to be chirruped and talked to, and the perpetual scold is something too noxious to be treated calmly.

Our ancestors' method of the ducking-stool had some sense in it, but then that was in merry and sensible times, when we were not worried to death with business, and harassed out of our lives with incessant competition. The selfishness of grumblers, which proverbially makes them get their own way, should be snubbed. If any one is troubled with the complaint, he had much better turn it to public than to personal wrongs. He may do some good by the one, but he can only injure himself and worry others by the other.

The best way to humor a grumble is to play it, as you would the hose of a fire-engine, upon some public wrong, either real or imaginary—say the "income tax" or the "poor rates"—by quietly sitting down, rationally, and by cases, citations and blue-books, proving the nuisance to be a nuisance, and the grumbler will certainly be improved by the process. If he is a philanthropist, the grumbler may take as his basis that romantic maxim of Ney's, "No wrong without a remedy," and he will find quite enough to keep his grumble in full tune without exercising it at home.

In process of time this wise man will find one who luckily thinks opposite to him; who sees things from a different stand-point, and who will declare all that to be good which he thinks is bad, and vice versa. The battle of antagonism being completed, the mind of each is kept in a state of healthy activity, and some good is done without any of the shot being extended upon the grumbler's own home. The wife of such will take care to turn the swivel-gun of complaint in an opposite direction to her own fireside; nay, as in Siberia, travelers will throw, when very hard pressed, their provisions and properties, or even their babies to the wolves, so some one of the family should be sacrificed to the insatiate grumbler; it is a known fact that, when a quarrelsome couple have a scapegoat in the shape of a neighbor or a servant to grumble against, that their own private differences are at once healed. But it does not do to exhaust one subject only; the grievance should, like our taxes, be now and then shifted, and the bearer of it will be all the better.

Grumblers, however, are easily managed, and luckily, good wives know how to do it; hence, grumblers do great good instead of great evil in the world though, after all, it is personally much wiser to get thoroughly rid of an ungracious habit; and, following sound advice, "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men."

A SINGLE bitter word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household, while a smile of sunshine may light up the darkest and weariest hours. Like unexpected flowers which spring up along our path, full of freshness, fragrance and beauty, so kind words and gentle acts and sweet dispositions make glad the sacred spot called home. No matter how humble the abode, if it be sweetened with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn longingly towards it from all the tumult of the world, and home, if it be ever so homely, will be the dearest spot beneath the circuit of the sun.

EXCELLENT is the rule which has prevailed in some constitutional governments, that "grievances should be redressed before granting supplies;" and unhappy the father of a family who, with an extravagant wife, careless servants and fractious children, is obliged to grant the supplies in the first instance, and that with little hope of seeing the grievances redressed.

HAPPINESS is the result of harmony between our wants as creatures and the world without; peace is the harmony between us as spiritual beings and the Father of our spirits. The one is as changeable as the objects or circumstances on which it for the moment relies; the other is as unchangeable as the God on whom it eternally rests.

IDLENESS is the mother of mischief. The moment a horse has done eating his oats he turns to and gnaws down his manger. Substitute labor for oats, and virtue for manger, and what is true of horses is equally true of men.

THE most foolish thing in the world is said to be, "to bow to the rich till you are unable to stand erect in the presence of an honest man."

TOO much wealth is often the occasion of poverty. He that thinks he can afford to be negligent is not far from being poor.

MODESTY promotes worth, but conceals it; just as leaves aid the growth of fruit, and hide it from view.

A PURE character is like polished steel; if dimmed by breath, it almost instantly recovers its brightness.

ABOUT HAIL-STORMS.

THE damage done by hail in this country is very trifling compared with the ruin it sometimes works in other countries. The greater the difference of temperature, the larger the hail which falls, and the more violent the thunder-storms and gales which accompany its formation. In Europe, there are in operation numerous Hail Insurance offices, which indemnify farmers and the cultivators of vineyards and orchards against losses caused by hail. In Wurtemberg, during 60 years, hail fell on thirteen days yearly on the average, affecting one per cent. of the cultivated land, and doing damage to the extent of six hundred thousand dollars.

It is credibly stated that in the Orkneys hailstones as big as goose eggs have been known to fall; each was, however, a mass of small ones which had come together during their descent. More exact details are obtainable of the sizes of hailstones which have fallen within recent years. Near Leeds, on the 30th of June 1883, there was a heavy fall of hailstones which took the shape of irregular blocks of hard, colorless, transparent ice, some of which measured an inch in length, and contained numerous air-bubbles. At Chepstow, on the 5th of April 1887, there occurred a remarkable shower of conical, spiked, and very irregularly shaped hailstones, of which no two were alike. Some were composed of two, three, or more joined together. The largest measured were four-tenths of an inch long, and three-tenths of an inch broad. About the same time, similarly shaped stones fell near Kelso. A hail-storm at Liverpool, on the 2d of June 1889, was taken considerable notice of at the time in scientific papers. The hailstones were of irregular and very curious shapes; some measured as much as an inch and three quarters across. A number which fell on grass took an hour and a half to melt, though the temperature of the air was sixty-five degrees Fahrenheit. The residue left when the stones were melted was found to contain minute plant-spores. Hailstones as large as half an inch in diameter rarely occur in the London district. On the 24th of May 1891, some were there observed which slightly exceeded that size.

These hailstones, which are considered large in this country, are insignificant by the side of those which frequently fall in other parts of the world. In September 1856, a strip of country near Florence was ruined during a violent thunder storm by hailstones which weighed from twelve to fourteen ounces. At Tomsk, in Siberia, hailstones as big as eggs fell an the 19th of July 1883. Two women were struck on the head and killed, and many birds and animals were killed. In Iowa, on the 7th of August 1863, a hail-storm passed through three counties; and over its track, which was four miles wide, all vegetation was destroyed, a woman was killed, and many people were injured. The hail fell in many places to the depth of five feet and trains were blocked.

During the successive showers of hail which fell at Graz, in Austria, on the 21st of August 1890, at five, six, and seven P. M., the hailstones ranged from one and a half to two and a half inches in diameter, and formed in some places a compact mass of ice three feet thick. In October, a large district in New South Wales was visited by a very destructive hail-strom. Some of the hailstones measured six and a half inches in circumference, and these were not the largest that fell. These monsters were triangular and irregular in shape; and the terrific force of their fall may be estimated from the fact that they dented and even perforated galvanized iron roofs. In one sheet of iron roofing, thirty holes were counted; and in another more than sixty. The gale which accompanied and aided their destructive work was strong enough to snap clean off great trees twelve feet in circumference.

The most destructive hail-storms on record have occurred in India. There is a legendary story to the effect that in the reign of Tippoo Sahib there fell at Seringapatam a hailstone as big as an elephant, which took three days to melt! The possible germ of truth in this yarn may have been the falling of a number of large stones in succession into a hole, where they may have frozen into one mass.

Big hailstones are never smooth round balls, but irregularly shaped blocks of ice, frequently studded with sharp crystals; and it may be imagined how dangerous to man and beast unprovided with shelter must be such jagged missiles propelled by a fierce wind.

Colored hailstones have sometimes been observed. On the 7th of May, 1885, near Castlewellan, in Ireland, during a shower of hail, some of the stones were decidedly red, while the rest were white as usual. The color was not mere superficial, but pervaded the substance of the stone, and on melting, stained the fingers of the observer. In Minsk, Russia, on the 14th of June, 1880, during a shower of hailstones which showed great variety of form, some being flattened, perforated and ring-like, a considerable proportion were colored pale red, and others pale blue. Similar colored hailstones have been observed in other places; and a German meteorologist who examined some of these, ascribes their color to the presence of salts of cobalt and nickel, and think that this favors the belief that such hailstones do not owe their origin to our atmosphere at all, but have come into it from the regions of space.

CONTEMPT.—We measure the world from our own standpoint, and the measuring-tape is contempt. More or less, we are all of the tribe of Procrustes, and despise that which goes beyond and that which falls short of ourselves and our set. The rarest faculty given to man is that of looking all round a subject, and carrying respect to differences. For the most part we carry only contempt; and when we praise it is the likeness to ourselves which pleases us, just as it is the unlikeness which rouses our anger and gives birth to our disdain. "Imperfect sympathy" is used as a definition of dislike. It is a very good one. This imperfect sympathy pervades the whole world of man too thoroughly for true philosophy and real philanthropy. If we would do away with it, we must each begin with ourselves, and cut out the core of contempt which is carried in our self-love and adherence to the mere use and custom of habit.

CO-OPERATION OF THE WIFE.—No married man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labors with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his daily toil, meet difficulty, and encounter danger, if he knows that he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home! Solicitude and disappointment enter the history of every man's life; and he is only half provided for his voyage who finds but an associate for happy hours, while for his months of darkness and distress no sympathizing partner is prepared.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

B. C.—The story will not be published in book form.

PUZZLED.—Reuter is pronounced as if spelt Roy-ter.

READER.—A shark turns on its side to secure its prey.

ELTHAM.—Card playing without stakes is perfectly legal in public houses. Billiards is a game of skill, and does not come within the same category.

C. C. C.—A gallon contains 231 cubic inches; as a cubic foot is equal to 1,728 cubic inches, it must therefore contain nearly 7½ gallons. The ale gallon contains 282 cubic inches, but is rarely used at the present day.

CYBILLAS.—Sulphur and water will remove dandruff. Use it in the proportions of one teaspoonful of sulphur to one pint of water. Wash off with clear water. Keep the sulphur and water in a bottle, and apply about twice a week.

R. DAVIS.—Political or religious questions are never discussed in these columns, and it is therefore useless for any correspondent to send such letters to us. Ask any of your friends to give you an opinion of the persons named.

J. W.—Thomas Otway was an English dramatic writer. He was born in 1651, at Trotting, in Sussex, and died in 1685, in his 34th year. He stands high as a tragic writer, and in his scenes of domestic distress few have ever surpassed him.

T. D.—During the inhuman persecutions for witchcraft in New England, from 1749 to 1793, many women were hanged, and since then several of the sex have suffered a similar death penalty in the various United States. The exact number, however, is not known to us.

CHRISTABEL.—Common washing soda will sometimes remove warts, if they be soaked in it from time to time. Nitrate of silver is the most effectual remedy. Be careful in applying it, so as not to burn the skin. It can be procured at any druggist's, with directions.

AGNES.—If the human organism is in good condition, there is no reason why a person's skin should become sallow. Take plenty of exercise, eat healthy food, bathe frequently, lead a regular life, and the roses on your cheeks will bloom again, unless some incurable disease is set up in the system.

V. C.—Instead of arranging clandestine meetings with the lady of your choice, go to her parents and get their permission to visit her at her home. We are certain that a straightforward statement of the case, backed up by the persuasive eloquence of their daughter, will soften their hearts and bring about the desired end.

NORMAN.—Artificial honey, which is more common in the market than consumers know, is made of potato starch and oil of vitriol. Some rash optimists think that they are sure of getting the genuine product of bees and flowers by purchasing honey in the comb. Deluded mortals! The exquisite white comb that pleases them is often made of paraffin wax.

CREDULOUS.—In Ceylon there survived to the present century a principle of religion that the last person seen in the company of a person dying by violence was guilty of his death. This theory led to a strange development. A man would commit suicide in the presence of his enemy; a discharged servant would similarly revenge his disgrace upon his employer; a creditor would threaten suicide as a last resource against a procrastinating debtor. Such a threat was never in vain.

TRIED.—Do not distress yourself too much about the youth's defective spelling. He must read as much as possible, and his eye will gradually become educated until he will be able to pick out a misspelt word with unerring precision. Some of the cleverest literary men cannot spell certain words correctly; the disposition to error seems to be constitutional. One thoroughly able man persists in spelling grammar with an e, and no amount of pains can cure him; so, after all, you need not be in despair about your youth.

KEEP OUT OF THE PAST.

BY E. W. W.

Keep out of the past! for its highways
  Are damp with malarial gloom;
Its gardens are sear, and its forests are drear,
  And everywhere mouldera a tomb.
Who seeks to regain its lost pleasures
  Finds only a rose turned to dust,
And its store-house of wonderful treasures
  Is covered and coated with dust.
Keep out of the past! it is lonely,
  And barren and bleak to the view;
Its fires have grown cold, and its stories are old—
  Turn, turn to the present, the new!
To-day leads you up to the hill-tops
  That are kissed by the radiant sun;
To-day shows no tomb—all life's hopes in bloom;
  And to-day holds a prize to be won.

Only a Face.

BY J. S. W.

BEYOND all shadow of doubt, Mary Macmillan was the prettiest girl in Danford. She was quite young, not yet being out of her teens, and had proxy and dull old Danford ever become sufficiently frivolous to go in for a beauty show, unquestionably Mary Macmillan would easily have won the first prize. I never heard of anybody who disputed her title to be considered the prettiest girl in the town. She was not very tall, nor yet very short.

She had soft velvet-like gray eyes, set in the blackest of fringes; her complexion like marble tinged with sunset; and her features were good enough for anybody.

Not only was she exceedingly pretty, but she was also very winsome and bright, she was always simply and charmingly dressed, and she had that delightful faculty of carrying half her pleasure with her to whatever form of entertainment she happened to go.

Mary Macmillan was poor. I don't mean that she lived in an alley, or that she had actually to toil for her daily bread; but her mother was a widow, and like most parsons' widows, had not much to live upon.

They lived in a tiny little house within a stone's throw of the old Abbey Church, which was the mainspring of Danford Society. It was a mere band-box of a place, wedged in between two huge rambling old houses; but though small, it was unmistakably the home of people of position.

It happened one morning that Mary Macmillan came down to breakfast a little earlier than her mother. There were two letters beside her plate, one was from a firm of photographers—the principal photographers in Danford—asking if she would do them the favor to sit for them, and saying that they would be very glad to send her a couple of dozen copies gratis.

The girl stared at the letter rather blankly.

"Oh, Mother," she exclaimed, when Mrs. Macmillan came in, "is not this odd? Rafael and Sons have written to ask me if they may take my photograph, and they say that they will send me two dozen copies for nothing. Why should they want to take my photograph and send me two dozen copies for nothing?"

"I suppose they want you as a specimen or something," said her mother.

"Supposing that I go in and find out what they really do mean," said Mary.

"Yes, I do not think that would be at all unreasonable," the mother replied.

So a little later in the day, the girl, during the course of her morning's walk, went into the photographer's show-room, and asked to see Mr. Rafael.

Mr. Rafael was very civil.

"Good morning, Miss Macmillan," he said cheerfully. "You received my letter?"

"Yes," she said, "I came in about it."

"I hope you are going to do me the favor of allowing me to take a few pictures of you?"

"I do not know," Miss Macmillan replied. "Why do you want to take me for nothing, Mr. Rafael?"

"Well, the fact is," the photographer returned, "we are sending a case to the Exhibition at Chicago, and I should very much like to send an elaborate portrait of you as my principal work. You see, Miss Macmillan, a photographer not only likes to send good work, but to send faces which take well—faces which will do him credit, and I think your face would photograph really remarkably well—in fact, I am sure of it."

"But what will become of the portrait afterwards?" she enquired.

"I should like to keep that for my own show-room," he replied, "but I should be very much pleased to send you one—a facsimile of the one I send to Chicago—if you will do me the favor to sit."

"I don't mind," she said. "I think it is a great compliment to ask me. When would you like me to sit? And what sort of dress would you like me to wear?"

"To-morrow morning, if it is good weather. And we photographers always prefer young ladies in evening dress. You see, it give no hard lines between the collar and the jaw-bone. A white dress, Miss Macmillan?"

"Yes, I have a white dress," she replied.

As a matter of fact, Mary Macmillan's very best evening dress, which she only worn once, was a white one, and was made low in the neck, with much puffing about the sleeves, and a good deal of white gauzy trimming on the bodice. Therefore, the following morning she arrayed herself with great care, and went in a cab to be taken as a specimen of English beauty.

The photographs proved to be lovely. All Mary's best points came out, and Mr. Rafael, taking advantage of her good nature, took her in a great many positions.

"I think," he remarked, when she was leaving, "that we shall have some excellent portraits. I flatter myself there will be nothing better in the entire exhibition. I shall not be at all surprised if we take the first prize."

"I am sure I hope you will," said Mary, who was beginning to feel quite a proprietorial interest in the World's Fair, such as she could not have felt under ordinary circumstances.

About ten days later she received a batch of proofs. They were mostly exceedingly good. Some were exquisitely beautiful, and Mary, her mother, and several friends who were privileged to see them, went into enthusiastic raptures over them.

* * * * * *

It was not very after long this that Mary Macmillan received an offer of marriage; and it was really such a good and substantial offer, that no girl in her ordinary senses would have refused it, excepting she had entertained a feeling of detestation for the maker of it, such as Mary certainly did not feel. Colonel Trevanion was not young, but, on the other hand, neither was he old. He was a man of four or five-and-forty, possessed of a charming place a few miles from Danford, an ample income, and an absolutely unblemished character. He had long resisted the wiles of husband-hunting mammas with marriageable daughters. Indeed, he had resisted so long that his friends, who were many, believed him to be an incorrigible old bachelor. But, of late, he had haunted the little band-box in the Abbey Yard a good deal. He had sent a great many gifts of fruit and flowers to its mistress, and also a great many tickets for such entertainments as were going on in the quiet town; and at last he broke through the ice of ordinary intercourse, and asked Mary if she would marry him.

Mary promptly said "Yes." She really liked Colonel Trevanion, although perhaps she was not passionately in love with him. Still, she did not like anybody else better; and it is probable that if he had been a much poorer man than he was, she would have accepted him all the same. It was a subject about which she did not in any way trouble herself.

Naturally, they did not propose to have a long engagement. When a man gets to be nearly five-and-forty years old, he feels that he has not much time to lose; and when a girl is living in a band-box on very limited means, she also naturally feels that the sooner she is settled in affluence the better.

From this time forward, life with her became a perfect whirl of gaiety and business. Her trousseau had to be got together, and Colonel Trevanion made heavy claims upon her time and attention. Every day, almost every hour, he wanted her to go here and there, to do this or that; and really Mary had very hard work to get the necessary dress fitting and dress choosing wedged in between this pleasure or the other duty. They were making great preparations too at Chilton Manor for the reception of the pretty young bride, and very often she had to go out there with him to choose and arrange papers, hangings, fittings and the like.

Colonel Trevanion was very generous too. Scarcely a day passed without his bringing his pretty sweetheart some gift of jewels or such other ornaments as he thought she would best like. He loaded her slender hands with rings. He dazzled her eyes with the Trevanion jewels, which were all reset for her. He put a chain and padlock, set with diamonds, round her wrist. He gave her furs and laces and other treasures, costly enough to turn the head of most girls.

It happened one morning that Mary was waiting with her hat and coat on for Colonel Trevanion's arrival at the band-box in the Abbey Yard. There were a dozen things necessary for her to do, but he had told her that he would fetch her to go and choose the pattern for a cosy corner for her boudoir, and that he would not be a minute later than eleven o'clock.

At a quarter past even, however, he had not come, and Mary was beginning to get a little impatient. She could not understand why he was so late. As a rule he was never late. Punctuality was his favorite virtue—indeed it was almost a vice with him. Slowly the clock ticked on, until another five minutes had gone by, and then the alert, soldierly figure came hurriedly along the Abbey Yard, and the next minute he walked into the room.

"You are very late, George," she said, pretending to be very angry.

"My dear, I am—I am—very sorry, very sorry to be so late. The fact is, a most annoying thing has happened. What do you think? Upon my word, if your photographs aren't stuck up all over the town. Look here," and out of the pockets of his tweed jacket he pulled about a dozen photographs of herself.

"Why, where did you get these?"

"Get them? Why, they were in Walker's window, stuck up next to Gaiety girls, bishops and all sorts of other people. How came the fellow to be able to show your photographs at all? I don't believe photographers are allowed to do it. I believe it is against the law. What the deuce does the fellow mean by it?"

"Let me look at them," said Mary, her heart beginning to sink.

"Here, look at this, and this, and this—set up as if you were Mrs.—— why, that Mrs. in London, who has her photographs displayed all over the place. I am very much annoyed about it."

"But how did you get all these?" Mary asked.

"How did I get them? Bought everyone I could find—everyone I could see. Of course, I shall go and see Rafael about it. I don't like him to show your photographs like this. It is monstrous!"

"Well, but look here, George. I gave him a sitting."

"Gave him a sitting? What do you mean by 'giving him a sitting?'"

"Well, he wrote and asked if I would sit for my portrait, and said that he would give me two dozen copies for myself. Mother said that I had better ask him why he wanted to do me, and he told me that he wanted to send a big picture of me to the Chicago Exhibition, and that he would give me one big one if I would let him. Well, of course, you know, George, I thought nobody knew me in Chicago, and so it would not matter a bit my having my portrait there, and so I gave him the sitting. I don't suppose that I can do anything, because you see I really did give him the sitting."

"It is most annoying," said the Colonel vexedly, "most annoying. I can't think, Mary, what you could have been about to consent to such a thing—you might have known that the fellow had only his own ends in view. Of course, he won't give up the copyright now, it isn't likely; and to think that every Dick, Tom and Harry in the town is able to go and buy your photograph for eighteen-pence or two shillings! Yes, I paid two shillings for every one of these—it's a perfect swindle!"

"I am awfully sorry, George," the girl cried tremulously. "I was not engaged to you when I did it, and if I had known that you would have objected, I would have died first. I really am most sorry about it all."

"Well, it is no use crying over spilt milk now. I must buy up every one I see. I don't see anything else for it; but really, it is sickening."

However, they had the satisfaction of going down the High Street, and seeing that the two principal booksellers' windows were free from any portrait of Miss Macmillan.

"You know, I felt that it was no use going and making a fuss to Rafael about it," said the Colonel, in a tone of much satisfaction; "after all, there's nothing like buying the things up, is there?"

Now, this was all very well; but when an article exposed for sale is eagerly and quickly bought up, a demand is thereby created of which no sensible tradesman or photographic artist would fail to take advantage; so from that time forward began a series of tactics between Colonel Trevanion and Mr. Rafael, which positively threatened to deprive the gallant soldier of his reason.

During the two months that he was engaged to Mary Macmillan after the first discovery of her photographs in the bookseller's window, he had literally no other idea than that of outwitting Mr. Rafael. Every day that he went down the street, he made a point of examining all the windows in which there were photographs, and whenever he came across a photograph of his beautiful fiance, he made a point of going in and buying it.

He bought it as an ordinary customer—that is to say, he never expressed his views to the shopman whom he found within, but whenever he was seen, excepting it was on a Sunday, his pockets were always bulged full of counterfeit presentments of Miss Macmillan.

For as often as the photographs were bought up, just as often did the booksellers renew their stock, and Rafael, the photographer, every day congratulated himself on his farsightedness in having secured a sitting from the prettiest girl in Danford.

"Wonderful thing how that photograph sells," he remarked to the clerk who booked the orders. "Of course, she is very pretty—very pretty, but I had no idea that she would go off at this rate. I must get her introduced in London."

* * * * * * *

With Mr. Rafael, to think was to act, and thus it happened that the next time Colonel Trevanion ran up to town for a couple of days, having for his principal object to see that the family diamonds were being properly handled, he pulled up as if by instinct at the first window in which he saw photographs displayed for sale within, and there was Mary's portrait, stuck up in Regent Street—in Regent Street! along with the Lord knows who!

His future wife, his sweetheart, that little unsophisticated country girl, her sweet little face smiling out at him from between two creatures in legs! It was disgusting, it was iniquitous! Confound it, it was criminal! He stayed there a moment staring at it, and he wheeled around and walked into the shop.

"I want to see those photographs. What photograph is that in the window? A young lady in a white dress, between two ——actresses. Who is this young lady?"

"That, sir," said the bland shopman, "is the new beauty."

"Ugh! Ugh! New beauty! Got any more of them?"

"Yes, sir, we have several. There she is! A Miss Macmillan, sir—going to make a very good marriage, I believe. Very pretty sir, isn't she?"

"H'm, not bad looking," admitted the Colonel, who did not want to reveal his identity; "how much are these?"

"The usual price, sir, two shillings."

"How many have you?"

"We have these five positions. Would you like all five, sir?"

"Yes, I will have all five. Got any others?"

"Oh, yes, have quite a large stock, sir."

Eventually he expended about three pounds twelve shillings, and carried away a large packet of Mary's photographs, his face and person indicative of extreme disgust.

"Now, I wonder," said the shopman, resting his palms on the edge of the counter, and addressing his fellow assistant, "now I wonder what the chap is going to do with those photographs. It isn't often we get rid of such a quantity as that, is it? Perhaps he is going to paper a smoking-room with them."

"It isn't likely. In that case he would get them done by the sheet by the photographer, wouldn't he?" suggested the other.

"I suppose he would," and then the young gentleman walked to the back of the shop, and entered the large glazed desk at the end of it.

"I have just sold all Miss Macmillan's photographs," he said to the clerk who was sitting there. "Better get another stock in, hadn't you? They've sold wonderfully well, we have sold nothing so well since Mrs. Langtry first came out. I should order a good stock. You had better make a note of it, and just mention it to Mr. Charles from me."

Well, this was but what might be called a drop in the ocean. Colonel Trevanion forgot all about the family diamonds, and spent all his days in town rushing wildly from shop to shop buying all the photographs of Mary Macmillan, buying them literally by the dozen. At last he returned to Danford, taking what may fairly be called a bale of them along with his personal luggage.

"I can't think why you do not go to Rafael himself and buy up the copyright," said Mary, after he had detailed his grievances to her.

"Oh, he would never sell me the copyright. He is making a good thing of it. They are being bought up right and left. He is making you into a society beauty."

"I don't want to be a society beauty," said Mary, half vexedly.

"It doesn't matter what you want to be," returned the Colonel grimly, "the question is what you are. No, I shall tire the beggars out in time. I shall simply go on buying them up as often as I see them. There are no other negatives of you out. They can't bring out any others, and they are bound to get tired in time. In fact, I should think the negatives would wear out. Don't negatives wear out?"

"No, I don't believe they do," said Mary, laughing, but really, you know, I am sorry about it. If I had known what would happen, and how it would vex you, I wouldn't have done it for the world; but mother and I talked it over, and we didn't see any great harm in it, and if I could only persuade you, George, to just let the thing stop there, I don't think less interested people would buy them much, I don't really."

"I don't agree with you," said Colonel Trevanion, "I don't agree with you at all. I shall go on buying them up; I shall tire the beggars out in time."

He expended so many pounds for Mary Macmillan's photographs, and spoiled the pockets of so many morning suits, that really the worry began to tell upon his nerves, and to make quite an alteration and difference in him. At last the girl could stand it no longer. She said nothing, for with her was to do rather than to discuss, but one morning just before she was married, she went to Mr. Rafael, and put the matter to him straight.

"Mr. Rafael," she said, "I am going to be married on Tuesday."

"So I understand, Miss Macmillan. May I offer my congratulations?" he replied.

"Yes, indeed, you may offer your congratulations, and I will very gratefully accept them; but Mr. Rafael, I want you to do me a very great favor."

"Anything I can do for Miss Macmillan, I shall be charmed to do—charmed," he replied.

"I want you to give me the negatives of those photographs that you took of me three months ago."

Mr. Rafael assumed a different air.

"Well, of course, I should be very pleased—I would give you any quantity of photographs you might wish, I should be glad to do so; but the negatives—that is another matter."

Mr. Rafael spoke in his most businesslike tone, and Mary Macmillan's heart sank.

"Why do you set such store by them?" she asked, her lips quivering a little.

"Because they are very valuable to me. We have a very large sale for them. You made a bargain with me, you permitted me to take them, and I have sent you a very expensive portrait of yourself, besides the ordinary photographs that we had the honor of supplying you with, and you are asking me for money out of my pocket."

"Yes, I know, that is all very well, Mr. Rafael," she said tremulously. "But you know Colonel Trevanion does dislike my being put in the shop windows. You don't know how unhappy it is making me."

"I am very sorry for that, I am sure," said the photographer blandly. "Colonel Trevanion should really try to realize what a great compliment it is that you are welcome in the shop windows."

"But he doesn't! He thinks it is horrid. He hates it. Mr. Rafael," and she lowered her voice to a mysterious tone, "I believe Colonel Trevanion has bought thousands of them!"

"Dear, dear, dear," said the photographer, "dear, dear, dear! What a pity! What will he do with them may I ask?"

"Oh, put them in the fire, I should think. We shall never be able to give them all away. I am very unhappy about it—I am indeed, Mr. Rafael."

"I am sure you must be, you must be, Miss Macmillan. Let me make a proposal to you. I will take them off Colonel Trevanion's hands at a fair price."

This proposal, businesslike as it was, and to the monetary advantage of Colonel Trevanion also, proved too much for Mary Macmillan's sorely tried nerves. She drew herself up, looked at the photographer for a moment, and then said:

"It is not worth while saying anything more about it. Good morning," and before he could recover himself or speak, she had walked out of the shop.

Almost the first person she met was the Colonel himself.

"Why, what is the matter? Where have you been? What has happened?" he asked, looking at her flushed face and suffused eyes.

"Oh, I am so angry! I am so angry!" she exclaimed. "Come down this quiet street with me, and I will tell you about it. I was very much worried by your annoyance at seeing my photographs about, and I thought if I went to Mr. Rafael, and put the matter to him plainly, that he would be honorable enough to give up the negatives; and what do you think he said?"

"I don't know. Was the fellow rude to you?"

"Oh, no. He wasn't rude, of course not; but I told him that I believed you had bought thousands of the things, and he—he—actually offered to take them back at a fair price! I was so angry, I would not even answer him."

"Yes. Clever idea. Take them back at a fair price, his price; put them out in the market; I buy them back at full price! Something like a snake eating its own tail," said the Colonel warily. "But don't worry youself about it, my dear child, it isn't your fault. I was vexed, but I wasn't vexed with you. I could not be vexed with you for anything. Depend upon it, child, I was quite right in the first instance. The thing was done unwittingly—unthinkingly, perhaps, but it can't be undone, and there's nothing for it but besting the beggar by going round buying them all up."

But although Mary Macmillan has been Mrs. Trevanion for several months, the Colonel is still gallantly trying to get the best of Mr. Rafael, who is seriously thinking of leaving Danford and setting up his studio in the great City which is paved with gold.

Taken at His Word.

BY M. C. P.

"BUT, Niel, you danced with her the whole evening. I felt quite forsaken."

"Nonsense, Leah! Don't become jealous of Miss Eden."

The girl's face flushed, and a little flash stole into her soft, brown eyes.

"I'm not jealous," she said, coldly. "If I thought I was not more to you than any living woman, I would ask you to free me at once, and bid you go to that other. But I think you love me, Niel, and I only say that it is a little lonely for me when you do not seem to know I exist—as you did last night. If you neglect me now, how will it be when I am your wife? Will others attract you from my side then?"

They were spending the summer by the sea—guests at the same hotel; betrothed lovers since the previous winter.

The night before there had been a hop at a neighborhood hotel, to which both had gone; and it was not wonderful that Leah Boniface resented the very marked attention paid by her lover to the belle of the seaside, Miss Lena Eden, who was a beauty, and was called a flirt.

He looked down at her as she walked beside him on the sand, and told himself that the whole world held no sweeter face, no truer heart.

He loved her very truly, and yet there were hours when he found other faces very fair to his sight, and other presences very fascinating. Why did she mind his little flirtations?

"Dear," he said, "you know I love you, but you don't understand how much society asks of a man like myself. It would not do for me to hang over your chair always."

"I quite understand" — but her face flushed. "I do not want you to parade your affection."

"And, dear, I do wish you would give up that silly notion of only waltzing with me. It is a little bit absurd. If you would dance and chat with other gentlemen, and not sit quietly by your mother at the hops, I would like it very much better."

She looked at him with steady, haughty eyes—she who had always seemed so childlike and tractable.

"You mean that I ought to waltz with other men?" she asked. "You think I make myself absurd by not doing so?"

"Yes, my pet! You decline all escort save mine, and, in short——"

"Enough!" she said, coldly. "I shall know what best pleases you in future. Hereafter, I promise not to look absurd in your eyes."

"That is a darling!" pressing her hand. "And now, if you will excuse me, I promised to drive Miss Eden down to the inlet. Here comes Grant Allen. Good-bye, dear, and don't keep all your smiles for me! I won't be jealous if you divide them."

And pressing the soft little hand again, he hurried away to keep his engagement with Miss Eden. And the face of his betrothed was still hot with indignant color, when Grant Allen, the gay, light-hearted favorite of her clique, reached her.

His face had just a shadow on it, his laughing blue eyes were graver than usual as he greeted her.

"Been an awfully dull day, Miss Boniface!" he said, cheerfully. "I began to feel blue—actually. Why in the world do you give us so little of your society this summer. Last summer, you and I had some lovely rides and drives and walks; but now, I hardly dare ask you to take a canter with me down to the inlet, although I want to, very badly!"

She looked at him with a friendly smile. "Then why do you not?" she queried.

He took an eager step toward her, his face lighting.

"Will you go?" he asked. "It's just a lovely day!"—forgetting his previous statement—"and a canter will do you good. Now, if you decline, I will be disappointed!"

"Therefore, I accept!" she laughed. "I have wanted a ride on the sands since morning."

"Great Cæsar! if I had only known!" cried Grant, regretfully. "But you shall have a ride that will make you remember those we had last summer. I am so glad you'll go!"

And she was glad as well when, with the salt sea air in her face, she cantered along with her merry companion, passing many acquaintances, riding or driving on the moist white sands.

Her face was just tinged with color, her brown eyes were alight, she was laughing a sweet little laugh of thorough amusement, when a pretty little dog cart met and passed them, containing Miss Eden and Niel Harris.

The belle smiled sweetly in her cavalier's face, after Grant and Leah had cantered on, having bowed pleasantly to them.

"That looks like a flirtation," she said, in her slow, lazy voice; "but perhaps I am mistaken. I was told that Miss Boniface is promised to somebody. Is Mr. Allen the son?"

Niel was conscious of a slight feeling of annoyance; he could not have told whence it came.

"No," he answered, curtly, "he is not; but he is a old friend of Miss Boniface."

"An old friend would be very likely to become a lover, where such a pretty girl is concerned," said Miss Eden, evenly. "Were I her betrothed I would not care to see her face lighted so for the eyes of another—of Mr. Allen's powers, at any rate. Ah, was not that my Cousin Lulu? I could not be quite sure; you are driving far too rapidly, Mr. Harris."

For Niel had unconsciously struck the fiery steed a light blow, stung to sudden fear by his companion's words.

However, before he reached the hotel he forgot all about it, and was thoroughly enjoying his flirtation with Miss Eden, who was no novice in the art.

That night there was a ball at the great hotel of the beach. Everybody was going, and Niel escorted Lena Eden. As a rule, Mrs. Boniface accompanied Leah; but he heard that lady say to an acquaintance in the parlor that she was not feeling well, and would not go.

"I suppose I ought to have placed my-

[CONTINUED ON EIGHTEENTH PAGE.]

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Our Young Folks.

LITTLE MOTHER.

BY M. A. C.

THERE was sadness in the nursery. The sunshine had vanished from three small faces, leaving dark clouds and threatenings of a coming shower. Mother was going away, and the children wondered dolefully what they should do without her. Nurse was kind, but she was always too busy to make daisy chains, to fashion boats from walnut-shells, to sing countless nursery rhymes, to tell fairy stories in the gloaming. Or perhaps nurse was not clever enough. It was only mother who could do those delightful things.

"Will you ever come back, mother?" asked little Nelly, clinging to her hand.

"I will come as soon as granny can spare me, darling," Mrs. Granger, bending to kiss the wistful face. "She is very ill, or she would have liked to have you all at Hillside. You must be good children, and give as little trouble as possible to nurse. Molly, I trust you to be a little mother to the rest whilst I am away. Try to amuse them when nurse is busy."

"Yes, mother," said Molly earnestly, her face crimsoning with pleasure. Mother knew that she was to be trusted, was her thought—that she was no longer a baby, but a wise little woman of eight years old.

Mrs. Granger kissed them all, and put away the clinging hands of Nelly and Dick. She pressed her lips to the golden head of baby Leonard, as he lay asleep in his cot. She could hardly tear herself away from her bunch of living blossoms, until she thought of granny, ill and alone, and longing for her presence.

As the nursery door closed behind mother, there was a rush to the window to see the carriage depart. The luggage was in its place, and Mr. Granger stood waiting for his wife. He was going to see her safely to Hillside, and would return on the following day.

Mother looked up as she was about to enter the carriage, and saw the three faces pressed against the nursery window-panes. She smiled and waved her hand, and Molly waved her handkerchief in return.

The shower came on as the sound of wheels died away. Nelly's eyes looked like drowned forget-me-nots. Dickie threw himself on the floor and cried loudly, turning away from nurse even when she offered him a chocolate-drop.

"Master Dick, you will waken baby," cried nurse. Molly came forward then. She had wiped away two tears that refused to be kept back, and had resolved that no more should follow them. Mother had told her to be good to the little ones, and Molly meant to do her best.

"Come and sit in the window-seat, Dickie," she said cheerfully, "and I will tell you a story. Nelly, don't you want to listen? It is quite a new one: about a Brownie."

Nelly and Dick were always ready for a story, and soon they were laughing over the Brownie's adventures.

"Thank you, Miss Molly dear," said nurse, when the housemaid came in the lay the cloth for dinner. "You've been a great help to me. If Master Leonard had been roused out of his sleep, he'd have been fretful for hours."

As the days went on, however, Molly did not always find it easy to fulfil her mother's request. When she was engrossed in a new book it was not pleasant to be pulled out of her chair by Nelly, with a demand that she should make a frock for Lady Geraldine or curl Miss Fiorabel's hair. It was tiring at times to be invested with Dickie's reins, and made to trot about the garden for an hour. Baby Leonard was sweet, but rather exacting. He would knock down a castle of bricks for the twentieth time, and expect it to be built up again. And then Molly missed mother so sorely that she often found it hard to be cheerful.

One wet afternoon, when nurse was busy downstairs, Molly had a brilliant thought. Mother's birthday was drawing near, and as it seemed unlikely that she would be home in time for it, Molly thought it would be nice to send her a birthday letter. Nelly and Dick were delighted when she told them of her plan, and explained that each might enclose a note.

"You can write yours, Nelly, if I help you with the spelling," she said; "and I will guide Dickie's hand. You shall each have a sheet of the pink note-paper that father gave me."

"I'll write mine first," cried eager Nelly.

"Yes, dear; and then Dickie. I will wait."

With much labor and many blots, Nelly's missive was completed, and then Dick's message was scrawled upon the perfumed paper, Molly guiding his hand. After that nothing would do but that Leonard, who had been looking on wonderingly, should be allowed to "wite yetter" also.

"Very well, pet," said Molly, lifting him into his high chair at the table. "Don't laugh at him, Molly. He shall have some paper and a pencil. Will baby let Molly hold his hand?"

But Leonard would not hear of this. He grasped the pencil in his left hand, and made some aimless strokes upon the paper, which he declared meant "tisses."

"I'll tell mother so, darling," said Molly, as she set him down.

The excitement of the letter-writing over, Molly and Dick went to the window to look out, and Leonard seated himself on the rug with his woolly lamb. Molly thought this would be a good opportunity for writing her own letter. She got her paper ready, but had only written three words when a cry from Leonard startled her, and, looking down, she saw his pinafore in a blaze. He had found a match, had struck it as he had seen nurse do, and then thrown it down.

Molly ran to him, and tried to crush out the flames with her hands; but since that seemed to have no effect, she pushed him down, and rolled the rug over him.

Leonard was safe when nurse came flying in, but Molly's hands were badly scorched. She was unable to finish her letter, but Mr. Granger sent it when the time came. "Mother will like to have it, my little heroine," he said, "although she is coming home soon, now that granny is better."

And, indeed, Mrs. Granger always regarded as one of her greatest treasures that sheet of paper with the words "Dear, dear Mother" written at the top, and then a big blot where the pen had fallen when Molly ran to save her brother.

TEACHING HIM A LESSON.—Of a former Duke of Buccleuch a very interesting story is told. He went out early one morning for a stroll in Dalkeith. As he was returning leisurely home along the road, he heard a good deal of noise going on behind him. Presently a shrill voice hailed him with—

"Hi, man! Gie us a han' wi' this auld coo, wull ye?"

He stopped at this, and turned round to see a boy struggling desperately to keep an obstinate cow in the road. The big-eyed creature had a will of her own, and her young keeper was in difficulties. As the duke did not make any attempt at assistance, the boy called to him again; adding—"an' if ye'll but help us, I'll promise ye half o' what they gie me!"

Such a generous offer was not to be treated lightly, so the duke gallantly went to the rescue. He saw that he had not been recognized, and determined to have some fun with the lad. The "wilfu' beastie" was at last, by their united efforts, persuaded to go in the right direction. The two then trudged on together behind her.

"His Grace bought the auld thing only a day syne (since), an' I'm takkin' it up tae the hoose," the boy explained.

"What do you think they'll give you for your trouble?" asked the duke.

"I canna just say," was the reply. "But they're guid folk."

"And you'll pay me half, whatever it is, eh? Very well."

When they had driven the cow up the long avenue that led to the palace gates, the duke slipped away, and hastened round to a back entrance. There he called the butler, and, pulling out a sovereign, ordered it to be handed to the lad who had just brought the cow; then he hurried back to the avenue, to see if the boy would keep his promise, and give him his rightful share of the money.

The latter came out a few minutes afterwards with a beaming face. When he caught sight of the duke's figure among the trees, he darted forward eagerly.

"A whale shullin', man!" he shouted; "a whale shullin' in twa saxpences; an' there's the half o't for ye!"

"Is that all?" asked the duke, in a surprised tone. "Didn't you get any more than that?"

"That's a' I got? I'm thinkin' it will be eneugh."

"No, no, my lad," said the duke, taking him by the arm; "it is not enough. You come back again with me. His Grace meant to have given you more than a shilling, I know. There's some mistake."

As soon as they were inside the palace the duke requested that all the servants should be assembled before him. This having been done, he turned to the trembling boy by his side, who now discovered that his friend was none other than the duke himself, and bade him point out the man who had given him the money.

The lad gave a quick glance round the group, and almost immediately singled out the butler.

"That's him, sir!" he exclaimed; "that's him: you chap there, wi' the apron!"

Any attempt to deny the theft was useless. The butler knew that; so he sank down on his knees and humbly begged to be forgiven. The duke, however, would not listen to him.

"You are no servant of mine any longer," he said angrily. "Give the boy his sovereign and leave the palace at once. And let this be a lesson to you for life!"

As for the little cowherd, the duke was so pleased with his honest, straightforward manner that he sent him to a good school and had him educated. And the shilling which he had been so ready to share with his friend of that morning was by no means the last he earned in the latter's service.

CONSIDERABLY more than one half of all the sugar product of the world is now produced from the sugar-beet.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Chicago has 22 general and 16 special hospitals.

The Greek lepton is the smallest coin and of the least value in Europe.

A bill to illegalize the big theatre hat has been offered in the New Jersey Legislature.

James S. Payton, recently pardoned from the Missouri Penitentiary, had three dates set for his hanging.

A dairy school has been opened at the Michigan Agricultural College with thirty students on the roll.

A large piece of charcoal put in a refrigerator will help to keep it sweet. It should be renewed every week.

A number of London streets are more popular on one side than on the other, and the rates of rent differ proportionately.

West Virginia has a girl hunter whose aim is death to bears. She has a record of seven large animals of the bruin family during the past year.

It is said that in London there are no fewer than 10,000 professional musicians of various grades, and that more than half of them are women.

For unjust imprisonment of her husband, who died the day he was declared innocent, Mrs. Ida Smith asks $10,000 damages from the California Legislature.

Of the 222,000 officers and men on the rolls of the British army at the close of the year, 106,000 were stationed in the British Isles, 26,000 of them in Ireland; 38,000 in the colonies and Egypt and 78,000 in India.

The Municipal Council of Versailles has decided to give the name Carnot—in honor of the late President of France—to one of the principal streets, now known as the Rue de la Pompe. Mme. Carnot has given her consent.

In surgical operations the skin incision is often the most painful part, and those who have been run through the body say they were conscious only of something cold passing through them, with just a prick at the points of entry and exit of the weapon.

Tasmania was recently edified by the performance of the Earl of Yarmouth, who danced the skirt dance at a public entertainment. The Earl is the heir of the Marquis of Hertford, and descends in a direct line from the Lord Protector Somerset, of the time of Edward VI.

The streets of Toronto are sprinkled by a trolley water car. The city contracts with the street car company to sprinkle the streets, and with the trolley tank the company does it for 65 cents a mile a year. In the hot weather the principal streets are sprinkled every 30 minutes.

Carolus Duran, the leading French portrait painter, is profoundly eccentric, and invariably insists on having his own way at whatever cost. He has been known to adjourn in the middle of a sitting to his beloved organ and commence to play, much to the amazement of the sitter.

A singular relic of the civil war may be found in the Army Medical Museum, at Washington. It is a large bone taken from the thigh of General Daniel E. Sickles, and contributed by him to the Museum. The tag says: "Major General D. E. S., United States Volunteers. Gettysburg, July 2; amputated by Surgeon T. Sims on the field. Stump healed rapidly, and subject was able to ride in carriage July 16; completely healed so that he could mount his horse, September, 1863. Contributed by the subject."

It is to the late Aaron L. Dennison, of Birmingham, England, more than to any one else, that we owe cheap watches, which were never so abundant and so well made as now. Though he died in England he was a Yankee and the father of watchmaking by machinery in America. It was in 1850 that he completed his model of the first watch of the pattern in use to-day. Previous to that time watches had been made by handwork, and the idea of making them in quantities on the interchangeable system was undreamed of.

[CONTINUED FROM SIXTEENTH PAGE.]

self at Leah's service," he told himself, as he went to his room to prepare; "but she won't mind, she's such a sweet, gentle little thing, and not fond of waltzing. I'll ask her to drive with me to morrow, and that will make it all right."

He had finished a waltz with Miss Eden, and they were promenading the room slowly, in the wake of numerous couples, when, facing the door, he saw Leah enter, on Grant Allen's arm.

She was very, very lovely, as she bent her head at some word of her companion's, and the soft light fell warmly on her burnished hair. Her dress was a pale amber, festooned with white flowers—simple, yet becoming—and Grant seemed very proud of his charge.

"She's the sweetest girl in the world!" Niel told himself.

And then the music once more crashed out; couple after couple went whirling over the gleaming boards, and Niel saw that Leah and Grant were among them.

"She took my hint," he thought. "I'll dance the next with her myself."

But when he had given the belle over to another partner, and went looking for Leah, he found her the centre of a merry group, and caught the low music of her sweet laughter.

"Will you give me the next waltz?" he asked her.

And she smiled pleasantly as she showed him her card, with every dance claimed.

"I'm engaged for the whole ball," she said, laughingly. "You are just too late."

From that moment he could not approach her. Until the dancers disbanded, in the "wee hours" of morning, she danced incessantly, her young face alight all the time, a soft flush on her cheeks; and Niel wondered if he had only dreamed that those brown eyes had followed him wistfully many a time and oft when he had left her sitting beside her mother, declining to dance with any save himself.

Was the spirit of coquetry she now displayed inanimate, awaiting only his words of the afternoon to make it show itself? he wondered. At any rate, it was far more pleasant for him to catch sight of her now and then, as she sat, a quiet, girlish figure, waiting his pleasure, than to see her circling the room clasped in Grant Allen's arm, the picture of youthful joyousness, seemingly oblivious of his very existence.

Perhaps Miss Eden was not so innocent as she looked, when she remarked, as they walked home through the chill night:

"That pretty Miss Boniface can't be engaged, I fancy. She flirted outrageously with Mr. Allen to-night."

"Confound Mr. Allen!" was Niel's unspoken comment; but somehow he could not say he had enjoyed the ball.

The following day, he did ask Leah to drive with him. She was sorry, but could not. Would not Miss Eden accompany him? She (Leah) was going with Mr. Allen.

Then, would she promise a walk on the sands after supper?

She regretted, but Grant had asked her to attend an opera.

Niel turned away, angry and astonished. Why, evidently, she could enjoy the society of others as well as himself. She was not quite wrapped up in him, after all. What had come over his little worshipping love?

This continued for a fortnight. At the end of that time Leah had a dozen admirers, but showed a marked preference for Grant, who was beside her always.

Niel could scarcely obtain a moment of her society, yet she always gave him a pleasant smile when they met, but that smile tortured him horribly, it was so calm and indifferent!

"I can stand this no longer," he said to himself at last. "If she has ceased to love me, I will free her; but we can't live on like this."

Walking moodily out to the wide verandah, he found her, for the first time since their conversation on the sands, alone. He went straight up to her, his face quite white.

"Leah," he said, "I'm not going to hold you to any promise you've made me, if you regret it. Do you want your freedom? I do not think you love me."

She whitened visibly in the starshine.

"That is not your reason for releasing me," she said, slowly. "I am perfectly willing that you should do so—if you will be happier."

"I am only happy when I am sure you care for me!" he burst out, hoarsely. "But I know you do not."

"How do you know it?"

"By your conduct. You will not ride with me; you never keep a dance for me; you give the place I have held mine to Grant Allen. I scarcely see you now."

"But you bade me accept escort from others, dance with others—not render myself absurd by showing preference for you. I have taken you at your word; I have tried——"

"You have ceased to love me!" miserably.

She lifted her little hand and touched his cheek.

"Have I ceased to live?" she asked. "No, Niel; I have not enjoyed this more than you, but I wanted you to know what I felt."

"My darling!" He caught her suddenly to his bosom. "I do hope I never made you feel half the jealous pain I have known for a fortnight. If I did, I deserve shooting!"

"It is past now for both of us," she answered, nestling closer in his arms. "Grant Allen is in love with Anna Ray; don't mind him, Niel. But Miss Eden——"

"Never mind, Miss Eden," whispered Niel; and then they both laughed. "I believe you tried to make me jealous, that it should be a lesson to me," he said.

And she did not deny it.

Doggie.—Of the intelligence of the special friend of man in the understanding of spoken words innumerable instances could be given, and many will no doubt recur to the mind of any person who has ever owned or watched a dog. Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," had a collie who understood most things his master said to him. On one occasion Hogg observed, in the most natural tone possible, "I'm thinking the cow's in the potatoes." Immediately the dog, which had been lying half asleep on the floor, jumped up, ran into the potato-field, round the house, and up to the roof to take a survey, but, finding no cow in the potatoes, lay down again. Some little time afterwards his master said, in a tone of conviction, "I'm sure the cow's in the potatoes," when the same scene was repeated; but, on trying it a third time, the dog only wagged its tail. A contemporary had a rough terrier named "Butts," which had, like most dogs, a horror of a bath. If the fatal words, "Butts must be washed," or "Butts must have a bath," were uttered in his presence, he would slowly and silently vanish, and would be found—if found at all—cowering under the remotest of beds, trembling with apprehension.

If afflicted with scalp diseases, hair falling out, and premature baldness, do not use grease or alcoholic preparations, but apply Hall's Hair Renewer.

PEACE AND WAR.

BY W. W.

The sleek sea, gorged and sated, basking lies;
The cruel creature fawns and blinks and purrs—
And almost we forget what fangs are hers,
And trust for once her emerald-golden eyes;
Though haply on the morrow she shall rise
And summon her infernal ministers,
And charge her everlasting barriers,
With wild white fingers snatching at the skies.

So, betwixt Peace and War, man's life is cast,
Yet hath he dreamed of perfect peace at last—
Shepherding all the nations o'er as sheep;
The inconstant, moody ocean shall as soon,
At the cold dictates of a bloodless moon,
Swear an eternity of halcyon sleep.

POISON IN LAW.

FORMERLY and perhaps to this day in the Island of Madagascar guilt or innocence in the case of crime was often established by the ordeal of the accused taking poison. This poison was called the Tanghin and the mpampinona, that is, "those who compel to drink," administered the ordeal; and to be a mpampinona was considered both a lucrative, respectable, and even an honorable position. The mpampinona, by personal and secretly transmitted experience, could so manipulate the ordeal that their clients had a chance of escaping with little more than a violent fit of vomiting; while they could insure with deadly certainly the removal of an obnoxious individual. The Tanghin thus administered became a most powerful agent in carrying out the crooked ends of an unscrupulous state policy; and we need hardly say that the Government in power freely availed themselves of this convenient method for the removal of prominently obtrusive members of the Opposition.

A great gathering always collected to witness a Tanghin ordeal, the centre of attraction, of course, being the mpampinona, his executive, and the victim or victims. To inspire confidence, the poison was prepared in public by the mpanpinona, who took two kernels of a certain tree, and having split each carefully in half, he ground two halves of different kernels—to insure uniformity of poison—on a stone with a little water. A white emulsion is thus obtained, which, on dilution with the juice of a banana leaf, partially dissolves. Having administered this portion, the "curser of the head" placed his hand on the brow of the victim, and broke forth into a wild stream of denunciation and invocation, beginning, "Listen, listen, oh Manamango (the Poison Spirit or 'Searcher of Hearts'). Thou hast no eyes, but thou seest; ears hast thou not, but thou hearest; a round egg brought from afar, from lands across the great water (possibly an allusion to the introduction of poison ordeal by the Arabs), thou art here to-day. Hear and judge, for thou knowest all things, and wilt decide truly. If this man hath not done aught by witchcraft, but has only employed natural powers, let him live. If he has only committed a crime against the moral code (in the original, a long category of these offences is given), slay him not; but by the door where down thou wentest, return, oh Manamango! (The poison is a violent emetic.) But if he has employed witchcraft, then hasten; stay not; end him, slay him; choke him; seize his vitals in thy deadly clutch, and destroy at once and for ever the foul life of this wicked man, oh Manamango, thou that knowest all things, and who searchest the secret hearts of all men."

Some years ago, a friend of the writer's took a verbatim copy of the above harangue as reproduced by a native who had successfully undergone the ordeal, and on whom the whole ceremony had left very vivid and lasting impressions. The above is a fair translation of the leading points in the argument, which in the original are fully expanded by minute details as to the crimes within and the misdemeanors without the jurisdiction of the Tanghin, as well as by very horrible minutiæ of the fearful agonies to be inflicted on the guilty, and the exhilarating prospects for the self-righted innocent.

This adjuration ended, the accused was forced to swallow three pieces of fowl-skin, each about an inch square, without touching them with his teeth. Copious draughts of rice-water were then given to wash down three pieces of skin; and when this was at last effected, warm water was added to accentuate the emetic character of the poison. If the three pieces of skin are discharged intact, Manamango has decided on the innocence of the suspect; and his friends are then free to do anything they please to increase his chances of recovery. If the three pieces are retained, or are only partially discharged, the man is declared guilty; and one of the executive, whose especial duty it is, puts an end to the writhing and speechless agony of the unfortunate victim by a blow from a wooden rice-pestle or fanolo.

Establishment of innocence by this method more often than not resulted in death from the after-effects, unless special precautions had been taken, or the subject was possessed of an abnormally tough constitution. Practiced experts, by using immature fruit and selecting kernels of light color, which are not so poisonous as the redder ones, and also by skilful arrangement of things, could secure a satisfactory termination—from the patient's point of view—of the ordeal, so that it became quite noticeable that filthy lucre could often tempt the immaculate Manamango to favorable decisions. Notwithstanding this obvious corruption, the masses of the people believed confidently in the Tanghin and in Manamango; and even now, many natives would avail themselves of it, if allowed to do so.

In 1857, a Frenchman called Laborde, who headed a frustrated conspiracy to assassinate Queen Ranavalona I. and to place Radama II. on the throne, was arrested and charged with high-treason. He appealed to the Tanghin ordeal; but the Government refused him that privilege on the ground that he was a foreigner; and so he was banished from the island, much to his chagrin.

It is thought that M. Laborde had cultivated a provident intimacy with the chief mpampinona, and consequently was quite prepared to undergo the necessary gastric convulsions, if thereby he could "quash" an inconvenient charge of high-treason. However that may have been, we think M. Laborde was the only European who had sufficient confidence in this somewhat risky tribunal to be willing to stake his existence upon it.

WAYS TO MAKE A LIVING.—"There are more ways than one to make a living," said a demure little woman with flashing black eyes the other day. "I know a woman who was left penniless. She was struck with the sameness of certain kinds of advertisements that are posted up. She thought that she could write good advertisements, and she thought out a lot of little rhymes for a certain article. She submitted them to the advertising manager of the firm, and they were accepted, and now she is making a deal of money every year with her verses extolling various wares."

"Pshaw!" said a blonde, who was with the demure little woman, "I know of a case here that discounts that."

"I don't believe it," said the demure little woman.

"Well, I do, and I'll tell you about it to prove it. A friend of mine who had been doing some newspaper work got the craze for writing advertisements, and she went round to a lot of places, only to find that they were well supplied with people to look after that branch of their business. She did find one firm that was willing to let her try her hand, and she began work. In less than a year she was comfortably off for the rest of her life."

"Did she invent some new style of writing, or something of that kind?" asked the demure little woman.

"No," replied the blonde, "she didn't; but she did better—she married the senior partner."

TRUE DESPATCH.—The man who practices true despatch is quiet, calm, thoughtful, orderly. In his mind, and perhaps also in his note book, he has the duties of the day carefully inscribed. He arranges them with as much vigilance and judgment as the merchant uses in arranging his stock or the librarian in classifying his volumes. He distinguishes between those which are most important and those which are of minor consequence—between those which require immediate attention and those which can afford to wait. Thus they fall into a natural order of precedence, which relieves him of one serious burden. Then, after perhaps a brief but effective study of methods, he will begin his actual work. The time thus taken would have seemed wasted to the restless, bustling man, but it probably saves ten times its amount. For now the former can work rapidly, yet calmly, undisturbed by doubts and unobstructed by that feeling of hurry which is fatal to the best performance.

MR S. (who has recently married a young wife): "Why, good evening, Mrs. Brown. Where is your husband?" Mrs. Brown (who has seen her best days): "Oh, he wouldn't come; I never can get him out." Mr. S. (who is always blundering): "Well, perhaps if he had a young, fascinating wife he would be tempted to come out oftener."

To
Remove
That Tired
Feeling, Take

AYER'S
THE ONLY WORLD'S FAIR
Sarsaparilla

Over Half a Century
Old. Why Not
Get the Best?

AYER'S PILLS cure Headache

Latest Fashion Phases.

What is called the corsage de fantaisie is winning a good deal of public favor. It has given also rise to many novel and artistic designs. Truly this little garment has its merits—it is economical, is becoming. For the theatre or opera these bodices are accompanied by dark skirts, while for the dinner or ball the same bodice, with a light skirt is just the thing. Sometimes they are made with separate yokes, so that they may be decolletes when occasion demands, or they are adorned with ribbons, which may be readily changed. The short woman, however, should remember that a great contrast between the colors of the bodice and skirt will detract from her height.

Let us now consider some of these corsages in detail. The first one to which we shall turn our attention to is a full bodice in shell-pink satin and has a small plain square yoke, surrounded by two deep ruffles of lace. The stock collar is finished at the back by two outstanding ruffles, while the full belt is first attached to the left side of the corsage, then passed round the waist, and the left end caught up by a chou on the right side of the bust. The sleeves are formed of a deep ruffle of lace, over which is a ruffle of pink satin, half covered by the lower lace ruffle surrounding the yoke.

This bodice may be made with a separate yoke, and may be worn with a skirt of pink satin to correspond, or with one of black satin, as often pictured. If fashioned in white it could be accompanied by a skirt of white silk broche, while the collar-band and belt might be in pink, blue or any other desirable shade.

The toque is composed of stiff white wings, separated by choux of black satin. Flowers may be substituted for the choux a volonte.

Very pretty is a French blouse bodice in beurre colored satin, covered by a full bodice of white mousseline de soie paillettes. The full collar-band and belt, each finished by a bow at the back, are in Ophelia miroir velvet, to correspond with the bouffante sleeves. A garland of purple and yellow pansies surrounds the neck, forming a low, round yoke off the shoulders.

The handsomest skirt with this corsage would be one of Ophelia velvet, but either a light one or one of black satin would be apropos.

Another bodice is in pistache green silk, fitting snugly over the shoulders, but full at the waist and drooping slightly over the belt. Down the centre of the front, from neck to waist, is a band of rich lace, to correspond with the full lace collar band. The bouffante sleeves of pistache silk are draped with lace and tiny bows of pink velvet. Full epaulettes of pink velvet are attached to shoulder straps, which are fastened to the bodice by large white pearl buttons. The full ceinture is in pink velvet, with a soft bow at the left side.

A second case illustrates a bodice in electric blue velvet and white lace. The white lace is made over an under bodice of satin, and is arranged with little fulness at the neck and waist, and allowed to droop slightly over the belt. Over this is a very short jacket of velvet, meeting at the neck and sloping off abruptly to the under arm seams. The collar band is in velvet, forming a butterfly bow at either side behind a silver buckle. The full sleeves droop over the elbows, and the bodice is completed by a velvet belt.

As illustrated the godet skirt is in electric blue velvet, garnished by a band of lace forming pansies.

A pretty corsage is fashioned in white perforated cloth and bleuet satin. The corsage of bleuet satin is covered by a full bodice of perforated cloth and fitted into a box plait in the centre of the front. This corselet is bordered at the top by a full band of satin, forming an empire bow in front. The bouffante sleeves are composed of the perforated cloth over satin, and the collar band and narrow belt are in bleuet satin.

Silk broche could here be successfully substituted for the perforated cloth.

A very simple but effective bodice is in rose silk, arranged with just a little fulness at the neck and waist. A large, soft bow of the silk is attached to the front of the corsage at the bust. The full collar-band and belt are in black velvet, with outstanding loops at the back. The puff sleeves of silk are trimmed at the elbow by bands of black velvet with outstanding loops.

A new mode of adorning the skirts is by a band of lace forming a stripe down the centre of each godet plait.

Odds and Ends.

FASHIONABLE FANCY WORK.

Tea Balls.—The newest things in tea balls are especially designed for wedding gifts and are put up in tempting cases, which add greatly to their worth. They are lovely as objects, and no doubt many will be sent to prospective brides, but as tea balls they are open to criticism. Expert tea-makers assure us that no whit of aroma must be allowed to escape: that the pot must be kept closed, and even the spout must have handles of enamel, handles that are inlaid and handles that are decorative delights, but they entail an open pot, and must be dangled from the fingers, in place of being dropped into the boiling water. As a consequence, the tea must lose, but as they are new and handsome additions to the tea table they will no doubt become popular.

Boiled Turkey with Celery.—Chop half a head of celery very fine. Mix with it one quart of bread crumbs, two scant tablespoonfuls of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, two heaping tablespoonfuls of butter, and two eggs. Stuff the turkey with this, sew up and truss. Wring a large square of white cotton cloth out of cold water, and dredge it thickly with flour. Pin the turkey in this, and plunge into boiling water. Let it boil rapidly for fifteen minutes, then set it back where it will simmer. Allow three hours for a turkey weighing nine pounds, and twelve minutes for every additional pound. Serve with celery sauce. The stuffing may be made the same as above, only substitute oysters for celery, and serve with oyster sauce.

Baked Chowder.—This makes a nice dish for lunch, and may be made from pieces of cold boiled fish left over. Cut four good-sized, cold, boiled potatoes into dice. Pick into shreds sufficient cold cooked fish to make one pint. Make one pint of cream sauce. Chop one onion fine, also one tablespoonful parsley. Put a layer of sauce in the bottom of a baking dish, then a layer of fish, one of potato, a sprinkling of salt, pepper, onion and parsley. So continue until dish is full, having last layer sauce Sprinkle with crumbs, and bake in a moderate oven 20 minutes.

To Stain Tin.—Use as a body shellac or gum sandarac varnish. To make it adhere, add to it half a part of the boracic acid to one thousand parts of lacquer. Color with suitable pigments, such as gamboge, Prussian blue or carmine. Aniline colors may be used, but tend to fade. Excellent results may be attained by adding a little castor oil, which makes the lacquer tougher.

Freckles.—There are two kinds of freckles, sun and constitutional. The first come from the sun, last all summer and disappear at the approach of Jack Frost; the others come from a superabundance of iron in the blood or a bad condition of the liver. Citric acid, applied to "the patches of Phœbus," is recommended by reliable authorities. No harm will be done the face even if they do not come off. The discolorations will wear off as the weather and the sun cools, and a diet of carrot is said to assist nature. Nothing will do away with the constitutional freckle but a blood purifier or liver reform.

Creamed Sweetbreads.—Rinse one pair sweetbreads thoroughly in cold water. Cover with boiling water and simmer for twenty minutes. Drain, throw into cold water, let stand five minutes, then remove the membrane and pick to pieces with a silver knife. Make a cream sauce as follows: Melt one tablespoonful of butter, without browning; and one tablespoonful of flour, stir until smooth, then add one cup of cream and the sweetbreads. Stir gently until it thickens; take from the fire, season and serve.

Loaf Cake.—Two cupfuls of light dough, two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of butter, one cupful of cream, two eggs, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one cupful of raisins, one cupful of currants, a teaspoonful each of ground cinnamon and mace and a grated nutmeg. Work well together and add sufficient flour to make it stiff. Shape in loaves, put into pans, raise and bake slowly.

Raised Cake.—One cupful of raised dough, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of butter, one cupful of sour milk, a little grated nutmeg, a cupful of raisins, a teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of mace, one teaspoonful of clove, three and one-half cupfuls of flour. Bake slowly.

To Slice Hot Bread.—Brown bread time has come, and the housekeeper thinks of it as a season of trial, for slicing warm brown bread is not exactly play. The New England housewife, who is never without brown bread, has a trick for slicing hot bread that is worth trying. Have a sharp knife, and dip it in cold water before cutting each slice. It makes the work much easier.

Muffins.—One quart of flour, one pint of warmed milk less two tablespoonfuls, one teaspoonful of salt, half a gill of yeast, mix at night and beat till light. In the morning drop the well-risen batter into buttered cups; let stand twenty minutes, then bake and serve. These can be made of water instead of milk, but are much less tender.

Creamed Bacon.—Bake in the oven slices of bacon till they are brown and crisp; put them on a hot platter; add to the fat in the pan a tablespoonful or more of flour; stir till smooth, add gradually a teacupful and a half of milk and cook two minutes.

Hominy Dabs.—One cup of fine hominy boiled two hours in a quart of milk; while hot add a little salt, two eggs well beaten, a piece of butter the size of an egg. Drop from a spoon on a tin sheet and bake a light brown.

Many housekeepers need warning against the frequent use of feather dusters. These dusters simply chase the particles from the furniture into the air, where they are inhaled. A soft cloth is good, and a chamois skin is sometimes better for a duster.

If the walls have been previously papered it is advisable to scrape off old paper, not only from a sanitary standpoint, but also to insure a perfect job. Paperchangers cannot be too vigorous in advising customers to have walls and ceilings scraped previous to repapering.

Whitewashed walls should be scraped, after thoroughly wetting the walls with thin paste or water, then size with strong sizing. If whitewash is not thick or scaly a strong solution of vinegar will answer all purposes.

For oil-painted walls dissolve two pounds of pearl ash in a bucket of water and apply like sizing.

The greatest pain-annihilator of the age is Salvation Oil. It always cures.

AS HE ARGUES.—A recent writer seeks to maintain the superiority of men over women by some rather novel considerations. He is far from making out his case, but one portion of his argument is more or less ingenious.

If a man wants a suit of clothes, it never occurs to him so get samples of the goods and then run round to all the other tailors' shops to see if he cannot find a better bargain, or some cheaper material that will "look just as well." It never occurs to him to "talk the subject over" with his friends. He relies on his tailor, the same tailor whom he has patronized for years.

Imagine a man meeting two male friends and producing a lot of samples, saying—

"Oh, Charley, I want to show you some samples I got of my new coat. Now, don't you think I'm too dark to wear that color? But it's so cheap!"

Then imagine Charley and Frank inspecting the samp'es and giving their opinion!

"Yes," Charley would say; "but that's old. Why, they wore goods like that all last year. John Jones had some trousers just like that."

A FOOLISH FANCY.—In West Cornwall, England, a tea-leaf floating in the cup is considered a sure sign of a visitor. If two or more leaves float, then there will be two or more visitors. If the leaf is hard, the visitor will be a gentleman; if soft, a lady. The leaf on being taken from the cup is placed on the back of the left hand, and struck with the lower side of the right fist, the striker repeating at each stroke the words, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, etc. The day, the name of which is repeated when first the leaf adheres to the right hand, is that on which the visitor may be expected.

Grains of Gold.

Nobody loses anything when a bad man dies.

People who think wrong will be sure to live that way.

Wrong doing always begins with wrong thinking.

As soon as gold was discovered somebody invented brass.

Eminent positions make great men greater and little men less.

The great mind is best known by its condescension to little things.

A sure way to find a better place is to more than fill the present one.

To tell a person of the evil, and to say nothing of the good, is cruel.

The money that brings us most good is the money with which we do good.

Man's conscience is a generous teacher who lectures him without giving him away.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend; his praise is lost who waits till all commend.

Dark clouds roll up and obscure the sun, but we know that there is light above the clouds.

The great secret of life is good conduct. It brings all the rewards that are worth having.

It is sometimes almost as unkind to tell the truth about others as it is to tell a lie on them.

Some people who sit in front seats in church, leave their religion behind them whenever they go away from home.

To pass the winter season comfortably avoid colds by using Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Femininities.

A girl never looks so killing as when you tread on her dress.

Algie: "Did she set the dog on you?" Cholly: "Yaas; had to hold it whole evening."

There are twenty-four women taking the graduate course at Yale this year. Among them is one from Radcliffe College.

He: "I don't think I would like to marry any girl unless I knew she was self-sacrificing." She: "But wouldn't that prove it."

"This servant you have now seems very nice and quiet." "Oh, yes! She doesn't even disturb the dust when cleaning up a room."

Women, according to M. de Candolle, are more apt to have brown eyes than any other color, the proportion of that hue being 35 per cent.

The Rev. G. Wynne Jones, of Baltimore, is going to start a "Domestic Institute," the object of which shall be to train girls for domestic services.

Six hundred and eight women candidates have just competed for ten vacancies as sorters in the English Post Office, a position with a maximum pay of $9 a week.

"Hair's very thin, sir." "It was thinner than that thirty years ago." "Indeed, sir, you surprise me! Why, you don't look more than thirty now, sir." "Thirty yesterday."

He: "Come, you're surely not going to marry old mummy, Goldberg? It's a case of May and December." She, poor but patrician: "Excuse me, it is a case of must and December."

The Empress Eugenie in her English home is constantly besieged by applicants for assistance. These come chiefly from France in the form of begging letters, most of them in the name of religion.

Miss Florence Nightingale, at the age of 74, is enjoying excellent health. She is a rich woman, having, besides some private means, the $250,000 publicly subscribed for her by the English people at the close of the Crimean war.

Miss Lillie J. Martin, vice principal of a girl's high school in San Francisco, has resigned her place there to enter Gottingen University as a student. Only four women have hitherto been admitted to the German University's privileges.

Wellesley girls may add lacrosse to their list of out-door sports. Miss Hillis, the director of physical culture at the college, favors the idea, and has invited the manager of the Harvard lacrosse team to confer with her on the advisability of the innovation.

The finest doll's house in England is that ordered by the Duchess of Portland for her little daughter Lady Victoria Bentinck. The reception rooms are hung with brocade, the stairs carpeted; the doors open and shut, and the bedrooms are beautifully furnished.

The ex-Empress Eugenie of France is the god-mother of 3,834 French children who were born on March 16, 1856, the day of the birth of her son, the Prince Imperial. The ex-Empress had promised to stand in that relation to the children born on the same day as the Prince Imperial.

Wife selling exists in Russia. A peasant recently disposed of his young wife to a bachelor neighbor for 100 roubles. A few weeks afterwards the husband rued his bargain; but the wife, being satisfied with the exchange, declined to return to him. He brought an action for her recovery, but was nonsuited.

A dispatch from New Florence, Mo., says, "Two weeks ago Miss Hattie Overmeyer, of Sedalia, came to this place to interview an old colored fortune teller, who is 116 years old, regarding some money that had been buried by a relative during the Mexican war. The old darkey told her two sums were buried and gave her full directions to secure the smaller sum. The lady returned home, followed instructions, and unearthed $500 in Mexican gold coin.

Masculinities.

The largest bronze statue in existence is in St. Petersburg. It represents Peter the Great, and weighs 100 tons.

"I see that Johnson in his lecture relates a fight between Clay and Randolph." "Yes, he calls it a scrap of history."

"The pleasantest way to take cod-liver oil," says an old gourmand, "is to fatten pigeons with it, and then eat the pigeons."

The town of Meriden, Conn., proposes to impose a tax on all book agents and canvassing men that follow that trade in town.

A blow on the head seems to cause a flash of light in the eyes, because light is the only impression the optical nerve is capable of receiving.

"There is one advantage about having insomnia," says an uptown optimist, "Your wife can't go through your pockets while you are asleep."

Amos Markham, of Memphis, Tenn., has moved fifteen times since he married, in 1860. He is the father of twelve children, each born in a different State.

At a supper recently given to some vagrant sandwichmen in London seven out of twelve guests had been ordained clergymen of the Church of England.

The Rev. Mr. Downing, pastor of a colored Presbyterian church in Roanoke, Va., intends to place in his church a handsome window in memory of Stonewall Jackson.

In a Shinto temple one sees hundreds of little stone images of children, placed there by parents to secure the recovery of a sick child. If the prayer is granted a red bib is hung about the image's neck.

St. Louis has a newsboy evangelist in the person of Robert L. Layfield. He was for 10 years a newsboy at the Kansas City Union Depot, and his meetings are reported to be very successful. He was born in New Richmond, O.

Married man: "Why don't you get married, Miss Perkins? You are getting to look like a 'back number'—you'll soon be an old maid." Miss Perkins: "If I were as easy to please as your wife was I would have been married long ago."

The German Emperor has a magnificent wine cellar, containing precious brands from all parts of the globe. Each brand has its separate inclosure shut in by iron railings, with a tablet affixed giving name, age, price and number of bottles.

First drug clerk: "Great Scott! I've kept that woman waiting three quarters of an hour! Forgot all about her prescription." Second drug clerk: "You'll have to charge her a good, stiff price, so that she'll think you had a lot of trouble making it up."

Professor Donath, of Budapest, has been examining the statistics of European armies with a view to ascertain whether the human race appears to be improving in a physical sense or deteriorating. The conclusion he arrives at is that men are decidedly deteriorating.

James Wooddel, of Jackson, Washington county, exhibited a razor in an excellent state of preservation which was owned by Henry Clay about 1838. The instrument shows the name of its former owner finely engraved on the handle. It was given by the master to his slave, and descended to its present owner.

A Massachusetts woman used a word before me recently that I have spent fruitless hours trying to trace. It was, as nearly as I can render it in spelling, "toschence," the "o" short. She said it was a word used by the old people on Cape Cod, and it means the last of anything—the last surviving member of a family, or the last chicken of a flock, for example, with an implied disparagement. She had no idea of its derivation, and it struck me as a delightful morsel for the philological society.

Humorous.

In the hired girl's creation's
Anomaly we see;
For neither maid to order
Nor ready made is she.

Outward bound—Barrels.

"If anybody iver catches me stroikin'," said Mr. Dolan, "'twill be whin Oi'm out av empl'ymint and hove nothin' betther to do."

"I believe the time will come," said Knowett, "when trolley cars will run all over the world." "Why, they run from pole to pole now," said Whigwag.

"Suppose," said little Mabel the other day, "that our pug should try to follow his nose; would he run down his throat, or would he just turn a back somersault?"

Editor: "There was genuine, genial warmth in that poem you submitted, Binks." Binks: "I wish now I had made more of it." Editor: "So do I; it would have burned longer."

Old Mr. Goodfellow: "Little boy, can you tell me the way to the ferry?" Gamin: "Yassir; just follow the street along where you hear the teamsters usin' the wust lang widge."

"She nestled coyly on his manly bosom after the blissful question had been asked: 'And am I the only woman you ever loved?' "Well, yes—successfully," he whispered in her enchanted ear.

"What perfectly lovely gold hairpins! Where did you get them?" Madge: "Well, no matter, for they're not worth anything. I can neither button my shoes nor shake down the grate with them."

Young lady: "If you let me have those roses, I will give you a kiss for each of them; but why do you run away, cousin? How rude of you." Cousin: "One moment; I am going for some more roses."

Assistant: "No earthly use in asking the old man for a raise this year. He won't do anything for us." Cashier: "Great Scott! We must ask him. If we don't he'll be dead sure to think we're helping ourselves."

"I hear that you let an Eastern dude call you a liar," remarked Rednosed Johnson. "How about it?" "Yas, it's so," replied Rubberneck Bill. "Me and the undertaker's a little at outs just now, an' I ain't goin' to throw no business his way, you bet."

Carker, in hotel corridor: "Let's get out of here, Barker." Barker: "What's the matter?" Carker: "Those two big men are having such a violent discussion that I'm afraid it will end in a fight." Barker, carelessly: "No danger of that. They're both pugilists."

"If your husband ill treats you, you should heap coals of fire on his head," said the City Missionary. "Well, sorr," replied Mrs. Rafferty, "oi didn't do that exactly, but oi did the nixt thing to it. Oi hit him on the head with the poker, but it didn't do a bit of good, sorr."

Sympathetic plain friend, to inconsolable young widow: "The last time I met your dear husband he stopped and spoke to me with such a sunny greeting that I was the happier for it all day long." Young widow, still oblivious to everything except her loss: "Yes, that was just like dear David. There was no woman so humble or homely or unattractive or dull but that he could find something pleasant to say to her, and would take pains to say it."

A tourist was being driven over a part of the country in Ireland where his infernal majesty appeared to have given his name to all the objects of interest in the locality, for there was the Devil's Bridge, the Devil's Glen, the Devil Cauldron, etc. Said the traveler: "The Devil seems to be the greatest landowner in these parts!" "Ah, sure, your honor," replied the jarvey, "that is so, but he lives in England. I think he's what they call an absentee landlord in Ireland."

NOT ALL EASE AND GLITTER.

We hear a great deal—especially just now—about various functionaries in China, but many people have only an imaginary idea of the positions they really occupy. The Chinese mandarin, for instance, with his gorgeous dress, his glittering button signifying his rank, and the threefold power of the civil governor, the military commander, and the judge, is always an interesting figure to the Western mind. His life, however, is not all ease and glitter, nor is his power unlimited. These officials may be deposed at any time; and as they are held responsible for all crimes committed in their districts, and may be banished to Manchuria or Formosa for somebody else's offence, they are seldom entirely at ease.

The mandarins are promoted from the ranks of the people, after passing with high credit the severest examinations.

A man may win the rank of mandarin of the ninth, or lowest rank, and continue to work at his trade of mason or carpenter. Above that rank, however, he becomes an official, but is allowed only the salary that he might earn as a day-laborer.

As a matter of practice, the mandarins generally enrich themselves from fees which they exact from suitors before them.

After the student has won the silver button, which is the mark of the ninth, or lowest, grade of mandarins, he may persevere and make himself, by hard study and ability, a mandarin of the first-class. As he passes up the scale, his insignia are as follows—

Ninth class mandarin, a silver button.
Eighth class, a plain gold button.
Seventh class, a worked gold button.
Sixth class, a bone button.
Fifth class, a crystal button.
Fourth class, a dark-blue opaque button.
Third class, a sapphire button.
Second class, a coral button.
First class, a ruby button.

This button, or ball, is about the size of a pigeon's egg, and is placed at the top of the hat on ceremonial occasions.

The rank given to the mandarin—or who in Chinese is called a kuen, the name mandarin being of Hindoo origin—is not hereditary, except backward. It ennobles the receiver's ancestors, and not his descendants of Confucius and of the emperors. Even the latter have to pass the regular examinations for public officers.

The only honors and privileges given to the members of the imperial family are a small pension, the right to wear a red or yellow girdle, or a peacock's feather in their cap, and to be carried by a team or twelve palanquin-bearers. Special mandarins are appointed to oversee them, with the right to flog them if they do not obey.

TIMID FOLK.—"Scary," timid people who are perpetually on the lookout for something to happen, and who, if anything goes wrong, are everlastingly borrowing trouble, and, while probably not hoping, are expecting the worst, are not the most pleasant people in the world to get on with. If it is extremely warm, everybody will be sun-struck; if the cold is intense, some one will be frozen; and so on to the end of the chapter. If anything ails them, they are positive they are going to die; and, whatever be the current events of the day, they live in a constant state of dread lest something or other may befall them. Such a temperament is scarcely creditable to the good sense of persons of mature years. They should reason themselves out of it and cultivate serenity and tranquility.

YOUNG MOTHER—"Oh, Uncle Crusty! do tell me how to put baby to sleep. I've tried everything." Uncle Crusty—"Hi'm! Have you tried hitting him on the point of the jaw?"

A GENTLEMAN in New York about to pass into a public library with two ladies found that he had a freshly-lighted cigar to dispose of. There was a pleasant-looking young lad near the door, and he asked him to hold the weed until he returned. The boy consented. When the gentleman came out, he was so pleased with the boy's honesty that he gave him some cents, saying, "Don't you smoke?" "Yes," replied the boy. "How is it you didn't make off with this cigar, then? Many boys would have done it," said the gratified gentleman. "I don't know about that," rejoined the youth. "It must be a pretty hard-pushed boy who'd run away with such a cigar as that." The ladies tittered, but the gentleman didn't.

THE farmers in Western Michigan are coming to the conclusion that there is no money in trying to complete with the Argentine, Russian and India wheat growers, and are going into fruit growing on a larger scale than ever. One dealer in fruit trees in this city has sold in the neighborhood of 250,000 trees this season already.

AN old gentleman accused his servant of having stolen his stick. The man protested perfect innocence. "Why," rejoined his master, "the stick could never have walked off with itself." "Certainly not, sir, unless it was a walking-stick."

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Recent Book Issues.

In the Castleton Series of novels "Sidney Forrester," by Clement Wilkes, has just been published by H. W. Hagemann, Publisher, New York. It is a very entertaining story. Price 50 cents.

PERIODICALS.

"Old Ironsides" figures prominently in the February number of "St. Nicholas." Hon. S. G. W. Benjamin describes "The Last Voyage of the Constitution, from New York to Portsmouth," "Bruin's Boxing Match," by Charles G. D. Roberts, and "Jim, a Tame Crow," by Malcolm Frazer, tells of the pranks of two of Dame Nature's children. Naturalist Hornaday's papers are resumed again with a story of the "Doings of a Mole." The other articles are of the same high character and most of them beautifully illustrated. Published at New York.

The current number of the "Eclectic Magazine" of foreign literature contains Mme. Caillard's philosophic article on "The Knowledge of Good and Evil." A review of Robert Louis Stevenson's works follows. Price Kropotkin's account of "Recent Science," "The New Secularism," "Religion and Popular Literature." An entertaining paper recalling the bygone glories of "An Old Society Wit," is by Mrs. Andrew Crosse and many more. Published by E. R. Pelton, New York.

The complete novel in the February issue of "Lippincott's" is "The Chapel of Ease," by Harriet Riddle Davis. It is a pleasant, peaceful story of rural life in Maryland. "In Lingo in Literature," William Cecil Elam, a Virginian, exposes the blunders made by writers in trying to reproduce negro dialect. Annie Sterger Winston discusses "The Pleasures of Bad Taste." The poetry of the number is by Florence Earle Coates, Carrie Blake Morgan, Edith M. Thomas and Richard Stillman Powell. Published by J. B. Lippincott.

An unusual diversity is shown in the contents of the "Century" for February. Fred Sloane's "Napoleon" reaches the period of Napoleon's first success as an author in the famous pamphlet, "The Supper of Beaucaire," his appointment as a Jacobin general, and his mission to Genoa. The first detailed account that has yet been given of the murder of Emin Pasha, is contributed by Mr. R. Dorsey Mohun, United States Agent in Congo free state. Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis gives a study of the condition of women "In the Gray Cabins of New England," and Mrs. M. G. Van Rensselaer writes of "People in New York," of whom various types are pictured by C. D. Gibson. The Century Company, New York.

OF A LEARNED RUSSIAN PIG.—Several years ago a clown in the Imperial Circus in St. Petersburg used to exhibit a learned pig which could tell fortunes, add up column of figures, perform card tricks, and so forth. One night some Russian officers entertained the clown and proposed to buy the wonderful animal of him. Tempted by the offer of $3500, the clown sold the pig for that sum. It is to be hoped there are few officers in the Russian army capable of perpetrating the joke which these cruel and low minded men at once proceeded to put into execution. They had the pig killed and cooked and sent, with their compliments, to the clown. When the fate of pig became known, the clown ceased to be popular with the audiences at the Circus, and the officers were seriously rebuked. The punishment was right as far as it went, but it did not go very far.

GERMAN SUPERSTITIONS.

IF YOU happen to be North-German born, or if it falls to your lot to sojourn for a while in North Germany, you will find a whole farrago of superstitions ready to your hand.

For instance, you must not spin during the twelve nights of Christmas, lest you should walk after your death, nor after sunset on Saturday, for then mice will eat your work. Speaking of eating, if you want to have money and luck all the year round you must not fail to eat herrings on New Year's Day; nor, if you wish to be lucky, must you rock an empty cradle, or spill salt wantonly, or cross knives, or point at the stars.

If you leave a dirty cloth on the table overnight you will make the angels weep; if you point upwards to the rainbow you will make the angel's feet bleed; and, if you talk of cabbages while looking at the moon, you will hurt the feelings of the man in it, who was a cabbage stealer in his salad days. Three candles burning in one room betoken the presence of a bride.

If you meet a were-wolf and call him thrice by his Christian name, he will resume his proper form. If a bat perches on your head, you will soon go bald. It is very lucky to see a spider about noon, or in the early morning, and unlucky to do so in the evening; but it is even more unlucky to kill a spider.

Who dreams of cats will have money left to him; who is a friend to cats will be lucky and happy all his life long. If you should dream of dogs or horses you will shortly receive hasty news.

During an eclipse all hidden treasures are open, and if you are wise enough to carry a primrose with you, you will be able to help yourself to any of them. No witchcraft will ever harm you if you carry a water-lily bud about your person; and, if you should chance to dream of lilies, you will soon be happily married.

If you eat double cherries you will have twin children; and if you are afraid of lightning, take heed to keep in your house a plant of orpine or livelong.

Sow peas on Wednesday and Saturday, if you do not want them to be eaten by birds; put blue marjoram in the baby's cradle when empty, to keep witches at a respectful distance; and if you don't want your last baking to go mouldy, you must take good heed not to bring cornflowers into the house. Stars are souls; and when one falls a baby is born. When a baby dies, God makes a new star.

THE BURROWING WASP.—A correspondent points out that the burrowing wasp if watched at work will furnish a sight quite as full of hints for the sluggard as the busy bee or the industrious ant. Watching one of these intelligent insects, he saw it dig a hole in the soft earth much as a terrier will accomplish the same work, but with a more definite object in view. Having made the hole to its apparent satisfaction, it went away to a little distance, and dragged to the grave the body of a large spider, which it had evidently killed previously. The corpse of the spider was thrust into the hole; and after being treated to a few stings, to make sure that it was dead in earnest, the wasp carefully restored the earth to its place, and ran several times backward and forward over the newly-made grave, with the apparent intention of obliterating all trace of its work, so that no marauder should steal the delicacy buried below.

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Lock Haven, Clearfield and Du Bois Express (Sleeper) daily, except Saturday, 11.30 p m.

FOR NEW YORK.

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For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

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